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WHETHER or not there happened to be an American on board the steamer Ville de la Ciotat should make no real difference in the view of the United States. If the ship was sunk without provision for the safety of passengers and crew, the crime is an issue between the United States and the country which perpetrated the crime. The event follows rather closely upon the destruction of the Yasaka Maru. Both events follow all too closely upon the Ancona exchanges, and they have rather the effect of dulling the edge of pleasure in the correspondence with Austria. For it is a little hard to imagine at the moment just what the value of a disavowal would be. Surely it has become inconceivable that the State Department is ready to enter into long discussions of these new cases. That would be to make American diplomatic notes about as valuable as General Villa's currency. If the facts are that the Yasaka Maru and the Ville de la Ciotat were destroyed illegally by Austrian submarines, then the administration need not wait for a reply to the second Ancona note. The reply has been given. Its only course is a complete break without further discussion, followed by an attempt to find out whether more drastic ways of injuring Austria cannot be employed in case these outrages continue.

MILITARY alarmists who will be content with nothing less than a navy matching the British and an army able to meet the German on European soil bear the same relation to the preparedness movement that the peace-at-any-price faction bears to national pacifism. By their excesses they bring discredit upon the cause to which they pretend to give support. What, in terms of financial outlay, would be the meaning of an American navy second to none, a standing army of half a million with an equal trained reserve? Not less than $500,000,000 a year in excess of our present military and naval expenditures. This is to understate rather than to exaggerate, for any such menacing armament would lead to competition, entailing further outlays on our part if we desired to hold our position of primacy. The total disposable income of the United States is probably less than $20,000,000,000. Five hundred millions for armaments could be met by a universal income tax of 2½ per cent. But of our national income one-half goes to families with less than $1,000 a year, and it would be stupid policy to place an additional burden upon these. Accordingly the incomes above $1,000 ought to pay the whole tax. Shall we have a flat rate of 5 per cent, extorting a $75 military contribution from the clerk with $1,500, $250 from the comfortable professional income of $5,000? Or shall we try a progressive rate, making the very rich pay, say, a third of their incomes? Either alternative, squarely presented to the American people, would quell militarist hysteria, and probably destroy along with it all interest in preparedness.

IN connection with the proposal to increase our standing army to 500,000 men it is well to recall the bitter complaints that we as well as the rest of the world have uttered on the subject of German militarism. Germany, we have all found ourselves

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saying, is an armed camp. The military element in German life has become overgrown, choking the civil element. The omnipresence of the soldiers gives a military cast to German diplomacy, to the disquiet and danger of the whole world. A majority of Americans still believe that the present war could have been avoided if the German general staff had not been more than half willing to try their machine in action. Now the strength of the German army just before the outbreak of the war was 800,000 men. Ten years earlier the peace footing was about 500,000 men, just the number our extremists would have for the United States. True, the peace footing was capable of rapid expansion to include the men who had served their two years in the army. But if we are to have an army of half a million, we shall be forced to adopt the plan of short service, and the organization of time-expired men in a reserve will follow as a matter of course. We shall then be as militaristic as Germany was ten years ago, and to what end? Germany had the excuse that on east and west her territories were contiguous with those of two of the most powerful military nations in the world, bound together by an offensive and defensive alliance patently directed against her. What corresponding danger have we? Only a possible combination of Germany and Japan, countries traditionally friendly toward us and not too friendly toward each other, that would have to operate against us across thousands of miles of treacherous sea.

GREECE, which all along has maintained its neutrality only by the most humiliating concessions, now faces a new difficulty. Apparently the Greeks expected in case the Allies refused to leave Saloniki, that the Teutonic armies would simply follow the lines of the Allied retreat, thus limiting the sphere of war in Greece to the valley of the Vardar river. But now we hear of concentrations of troops as far west as Monastir, and it appears that the Germans intend to swing through Greece from all directions just as they did in Belgium and in Serbia. This sort of campaign—which from a military point of view certainly seems indicated—would result in hostile occupation of practically all Macedonia from the Monastir-Saloniki railroad to the Gulf of Kavalla. Since the Greeks are well aware that Austria, Bulgaria and the Ottoman Empire alike covet Macedonia, they are far from pleased with the prospect. Moreover, there still remain influences friendly to Bulgaria in Macedonia, influences akin to that which caused Monastir to welcome the Bulgarian armies. The best rule which any part of the Balkans has ever known is Bulgarian rule. To the Greek mind the question is: if the Bulgars once get in, can we ever get them out? EVEN if the Germans make the campaign in Greece alone—a quite unlikely supposition, since both they and the Austrians are elsewhere heavily engaged—the Allies insist that their enemies be given no such freedom of movement as an encircling advance from Monastir would entail. And the Allied fleet remains ready to enforce their demands by cutting Greece into little pieces. The Germanophile element in Greece—Gounaris, Dousmanis the chief of staff, and Theotokis, whose home is next the Kaiser's villa in Corfu—will very likely have as much trouble in convincing the King as Venizelos had. Skoloudis the premier is an old man of over eighty, a mere figurehead, a shuttlecock of politics. The King has meanwhile left one division in Kavalla, one division in Saloniki, and has withdrawn the remainder of his forces westward, ready to strike against the flank of either combatant, while diplomatic notes go to and fro.

SECRETARY Lane's report contains a highly interesting section headed "Young America." "I would erect the Bureau of Education," says Mr. Lane, "into a Bureau of Educational Methods and Standards in which would be gathered the ripe fruit of all educational experiments upon which the schools of the country could draw. This is a wide country, and there is need for a national clearing-house where can be centered and exchanged the results of the more remote experiments." And in another passage he remarks, "We may not command, but we may 'show how.' This is democracy's substitute for absolutism in the effort to secure efficiency." May it not be added that "showing how" can be reinforced by what the English call "grants in aid," that is to say, by a policy of federal subsidies to schools which attain certain standards? This idea seems to be in the Secretary's mind, for in advocating a rural school campaign he suggests that the government might help to bring teachers into contact with the best rural schools in order that they might learn method and spirit. From this to a policy of direct financial stimulus is not a very great step.

WITH one exception the charges on which Mr. Thomas Mott Osborne has been indicted by the grand jury of Westchester County, New York, are flimsy enough to justify his accusation that the indictment is a conspiracy. That exception consists of course in the charge that the Warden of Sing Sing has not only connived at homo-sexual practices in the prison, but has himself been guilty of them. Mr. Osborne's friends and those of prison reform throughout the United States should welcome the submission of this grave charge to a competent and fair tribunal. For many months it has poisoned the

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air and perverted the main issue. Of all the recognized methods of ruining a man's character it is the subtlest and most damaging. It has been frequently hurled against reformers whom the system proposes to "get." It can only be disproved by being tried in court, and until it is disproved its effect will linger in the minds of people who protest ardently that they do not believe a word of it. As soon as Mr. Osborne is exonerated the main issue can be considered on its merits.

HOPE entertained by the friends of workman's compensation that statutes embodying this idea were now safely beyond the range of judicial hostility turns out to be mistaken. While such statutes are not being set aside as "unconstitutional," they are constantly being subjected to judicial "construction," sometimes with regrettable consequences. In the recent Massachusetts case of Ashton v. the Boston and Maine Railway Company (109 N. E. 820) the plaintiff's husband, whose duty it was to make repairs on electrical apparatus, had been killed in the course of his employment by touching a live wire. The Massachusetts Compensation act in its liability clauses provides that in an action to recover damages for injury or death resulting to an employee from his employment, the employer cannot plead as a defense that the employee had assumed the risk of the trade. To the ordinary mind no case could fall more clearly within the terms and intention of these provisions than the one just stated. But the judicial mind is not ordinary. Bringing forward a distinction of recent contrivance between the "contractual assumption" of the obvious risks of an employment and the "voluntary assumption" of the less obvious ones—a distinction that originated, apparently, with the "progressive" Wisconsin Court (142 Wis. 380) —the Supreme Judicial Court ruled that the act was meant to apply only to the less obvious risk. The defendant was free to urge the "contractual assumption" of risk by the stricken employee, not, to be sure, as a defense, but still as matter capable of being shown under a general denial.

SUCH constructions of workmen's compensation offend common sense and common honesty. What risks of a trade are obvious if not the really dangerous ones, the ones that it is practically impossible for those who engage in the trade to avoid? And everyone knows that the underlying intention and supreme object of all compensation legislation has been the shifting of the burden of risk attendant upon hazardous employments from the shoulders of unfortunate individuals to those of society. An important secondary benefit anticipated from these statutes was the lessening of litigation, but what wider door could be thrown open to litigation than that which is set ajar by the Supreme Judicial Court's offer to determine the obvious risks of each employment? Finally, as to the distinction between "contractual" and "voluntary," what in legal theory can be more voluntary than a contractual act? Both at this point and in its endeavor to distinguish defense and denial, the Supreme Judicial Court coerces familiar words to unfamiliar uses. It is nothing new for hostile judges to assassinate the laws they are sworn to enforce by far-fetched and emasculating constructions, but the antiquity of this practice is no justification for it. The late Judge Gaynor, on one of the several occasions on which he protested against an outrage of this sort, remarked that the meaning of the law before the court could not possibly have been made clearer "unless, perhaps, the legislature had added the words, 'This law means what it says.'"

THERE are surprises for even the most surfeited of magazine readers. Usually it is a new venture that arouses happy interest, but sometimes, as is now the case of *Harper's Weekly,* it is an evolution. Our contemporary begins 1916 in a shape slightly different, with a soundly decorative cover design, and a typography greatly changed. These alterations, we venture to say, have the effect of setting the whole periodical in a richer and livelier key. Good looks are not the main characteristic of American weeklies, but the revised *Harper's Weekly* has a fine share of them. It starts out handsomely to have a happy new year.

JUDICIAL hostility toward experiment and innovation is not often as flagrantly exhibited as it was in a recent decision by the Supreme Court of Minnesota, invalidating the system known as "preferential voting," as unconstitutional. Preferential voting is a relatively new form of balloting, designed by the registering of second and third choices to insure the election of those whom a majority, instead of a mere plurality, favor. Though still frankly in the experimental stage, it is yet a hopeful experiment and one that time only can test. Yet the Supreme Court of Minnesota has found a principle which makes this experiment impossible without constitutional amendment. By a process of metaphysical refinement, the right to vote is construed into the right of one citizen to cast only one vote for one office, and to have every other citizen do no more. At about the same time the Supreme Court of New Jersey, dealing with the same system under a similar constitutional clause, reached the opposite conclusion. It is a contrast of Eastern common sense and Western legal subtlety.

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Armed Insecurity

IN reaching any decision with regard to the proposed increase in the navy, just as with regard to the proposed increase in the army, Congress and public opinion are asked to choose between two alternatives, but they are not furnished with the indispensable condition of making the choice intelligent. The administration proposes to spend approximately $100,000,000 a year for five years on building new ships, which at the end of that period would probably furnish a navy large enough to fight on equal terms with any other navy except that of Great Britain. On the other hand, the General Board asserts dogmatically that within ten years the navy of the United States should be as large as that of the British Empire. In neither case are sufficient reasons given to prove why we need a navy equal to that of Germany rather than a navy equal to the size of Great Britain.

The administration selected a navy approximately equal to that of Germany because such a navy could be built for $500,000,000, and Secretary Daniels calculated that Congress might be persuaded to add as much as $100,000,000 a year for five years to the naval appropriation bills. Thus his actual reasons were domestic and political, but in public statements he has contended and will contend that a navy of this size is indispensable to secure the country against foreign attack. It is this contention which is dangerous and delusive. Is a navy the size of Germany's adequate to defend the country? The United States has marine frontiers on both the Atlantic and Pacific. We are open to attack on the two frontiers at the same time, and under modern conditions we are likely to be attacked, if at all, by two allied Powers rather than by one Power. The General Board, when it recommended a navy as large as that of any other nation, presumably was applying to ourselves the British two-Power standard.

But the argument cannot end at this point. It proves too much. If the General Board seeks to apply the British standard to the United States, why does it leave Great Britain itself out of account? A policy of preparedness whose one object is national defense secured by national armaments, should prepare against all the world. Why do we not need a navy not only as large as Great Britain's, but as large as that of Great Britain plus her chief maritime allies, such as Japan and France? The question seems fantastic, but if we accept the policy of the General Board it will be asked; and from the standpoint of a policy of security, brought about only by isolation and impregnable defensive armaments, there is but one answer.

Any political administration which advocates armaments merely on the pretext of self-defense is itself defenseless against a demand from military and naval "experts" for an indefinite increase of armament. The only way to escape the danger of falling into this bottomless pit of expenditure is to abandon our isolation and to adjust our armaments to a positive policy which will seek to clear up the ambiguity of our relations with the rest of the world. We cannot tell how much armament we really need until we have discovered by negotiation what the nations are with which we can reach an understanding, and what the nations are which refuse to meet our invitation for a joint definition of policy and purpose. During negotiations the American navy should be increased, because our ability to make our influence count in international politics depends chiefly on sea power; but the amount of the increase cannot be measured until after the clearing up of international relationships which can be made to follow fast upon the end of the war.

Until American public opinion finds a valid reason for selecting a navy of one size rather than another, the error which it should guard against is that of making its new armament look like a menace to any nation. And the Power above all others which it should avoid threatening is the British Empire. Whatever the American interest in sea power, that of Great Britain, its self-governing commonwealths and its dependencies, must be far greater. The British navy not only safeguards the food supply of the British islands but binds the British Empire together. Dismemberment would follow hard upon loss of the control of the seas. With so much depending on preponderant sea power, the British cannot afford to allow even the United States seriously to threaten their maritime supremacy. If we were to persist in a policy of building a fleet as large as Great Britain's, such an armament could be aimed only at Great Britain, and the British government would be forced to include the United States among the Powers against which its naval program was directed. For every million we extorted from unwilling taxpayers for a navy with which to defend ourselves against our most useful friend, Great Britain would be forced to extort a million and a half from taxpayers still more unwilling. A more effective way of destroying the good-will and confidence now existing between the two countries could not be devised. Instead of building against Great Britain, the American government should seek for an adjustment of relations which will enable us to build if at all in coöperation with her. Competition between the United States and the British Empire in naval construction would be suicidal to both, and would make a general pacification impossible. Coöperation would make them both secure against attack, and would bring a plan of general pacification within the realm of practical politics.

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The Roosevelt Method

SENATOR O'GORMAN said the other day that if the country wanted peace it would re-elect Wilson, if it wanted war it would take Roosevelt. On the surface this seems to be the issue between the two men. Mr. Wilson has kept us out of war, Mr. Roosevelt talks as if he were looking for trouble. But strange as it may sound when said of so practiced a talker, Mr. Roosevelt's exasperated talk in the last months has concealed and distorted his real point of view, and falsified the issue with Mr. Wilson. There is neither paradox nor casuistry in the statement that in the long run the Wilson method leads to war and the Roosevelt method leads to peace.

This argument may seem a little less absurd after an analysis of the submarine question. Did Mr. Wilson come to terms with Germany without the use or threat of force? Not in the least. His first note about "strict accountability" was a threat. Germany replied with the Falaba, the Gulflight and the Lusitania. A great outcry arose in this country, war was in the air, and the whole feeling was expressed in the first Lusitania note. Germany paused, for the United States had appeared as a possible enemy. Then came a period of calm, followed by attacks on other ships. This culminated in the ultimatum which used the words "unfriendly act." The Arabic was torpedoed. And then came the German pledge which was called a diplomatic triumph. Now what were the decisive elements in Mr. Wilson's diplomacy? A threat several times repeated; a calculation in Germany as to the reality of the threat, and the role which the United States could play as a belligerent; the hope that the United States if soothed in the submarine question would help to lift the British blockade; and finally and above all, the successful defense against submarines devised by the British navy.

To call this a triumph of diplomacy is to ignore the facts. Mr. Wilson did not argue Germany out of her policy; Mr. Wilson used the old-fashioned method of threats, and his good fortune lay in the fact that the threats made Germany hesitate just long enough to give the British time to nullify the submarine. The fear of war with the United States prevented a recurrence of the Lusitania outrage for a time just about long enough to enable the British to conquer the submarine. If Mr. Wilson knew in May that the British would conquer the submarine by August, then Mr. Wilson's statesmanship was far-seeing and effective. But will anybody make such a claim? Eliminate the British navy from the situation, suppose the German "blockade" of England successful, what would there have been to the diplomacy of Mr. Wilson? Could he have kept us out of the war? Clearly not; there was no magic in his notes, but the threat of war. His words were backed by the possible strength of the United States, and were made good by the actual strength of the British fleet. There was nothing "new" about Mr. Wilson's diplomacy. It merely proved again that an international policy rests upon armaments.

The chief difference between the Wilson and the Roosevelt conception of diplomacy is not that Mr. Roosevelt doesn't use words or that Mr. Wilson doesn't use guns. They both use words and they both use guns. And in both cases the final sanction of words is guns. Where they differ is in this: when Mr. Roosevelt uses words the guns are already visible; when Mr. Wilson uses words his opponent is still kept guessing about the guns. This period of guessing is the basis of Mr. Wilson's reputation as a pacifist. If during the period when his opponent is in doubt something happens to change the situation, Mr. Wilson may actually achieve peace. This is what he did with Germany. But if his opponent guesses that perhaps guns will never be used, he is incited to go on committing outrages and piling up irritations which in the end will make war inevitable. This is exactly what would have happened if the British navy had not overcome the German submarines.

The Roosevelt method eliminates the period of guessing. It consists in using words at their full value, and making the opponent realize from the start that they mean exactly what they say. There is only one respect in which this method is more dangerous than Mr. Wilson's. It does not trust to luck. On the other hand, it has the great advantage that it catches the lawbreaker when he is young and easier to deal with.

In this war, for example, we may assume that the Roosevelt attitude toward the belligerents would have been about as follows: A warning to Germany before Belgium was invaded which would have established a great international precedent; a warning to Great Britain that it must live up to the spirit of international law on the seas, followed by a reminder that the embargo could be used to enforce it. Taken early, British lawbreaking would not have been difficult to prevent, for the "blockade" of Germany had not yet become a popular measure and England was still aglow with the spirit of righteousness. With Great Britain living up to the law, the German submarine war could no longer have been put forward as a retaliatory measure, and the United States would have had at its command the threat of a complete blockade in case illegal submarine warfare was adopted. Moreover, the Roosevelt policy would, we assume, not have allowed the German war zone proclamation to stand with a mere unanswered protest. It would not have

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permitted the Lusitania to sail until the warning which was published in the papers by the German Embassy had been satisfactorily explained. The Roosevelt method would have been to threaten and demand guarantees on the basis of the German proclamation, not on the basis of the torpedoed Lusitania. Mr. Roosevelt would presumably not have allowed any period of guessing as to what "strict accountability" meant. And all the while his words would have been emphasized by ostentatious preparations for war.

The Wilson method is to watch and wait for things to happen, and then to try and find a way. The Roosevelt method is to act decisively when things are going to happen. The difference is radical. To have challenged the war zone proclamation in terms that left no room for guessing would have forced the issue before Germany was committed and before the German public had fallen in love with its submarines. It would have been far easier to say then that of course the imperial government never intended to destroy passenger ships without warning. That "of course" would have rested not on the havoc dealt the submarines by the British navy, but on the realization that a nation of a hundred million people under active leadership was capable of taking a decisive part.

So far as we can see there is nothing in the Roosevelt method which increases the real risks of war. It is far more likely to decrease them. In trying to explain his point of view, Mr. Roosevelt has come to overstate it. The fact that he has been unable to express his ideas in action has given them an air of great violence. But in the long run the Roosevelt methods, not the Roosevelt magazine articles, are likely to prove the methods of a genuine internationalism. For what does internationalism mean? It means that nations are willing to encounter danger and make sacrifices, not merely for the defense of their own territory but for the sake of world organization. Mr. Roosevelt has stood for this idea from the outbreak of war. It is the very opposite of the nationalism which means isolation. Real internationalism will begin on that day when a great Power stands ready to strike a blow for interests not immediately its own. That, we take it, is the meaning of Mr. Roosevelt's harping on Belgium. He is using it as a talking point to illustrate the argument that a world peace must rest on the willingness of nations to defend the fabric of international law. Until the willingness exists, the only alternative is a purely selfish nationalism, crouching in its own security, bent on its own money-making. And the challenge Mr. Roosevelt has flung to the pacifists is this: You wish an organized, peaceful world community; what risks are you ready to run in order to establish it?

German Defeat

THE New York *Tribune* of December 21st contained a long editorial entitled "Germany's Defeat" which may almost be said to indicate a turning-point in the thoughts of those whose sympathy is with the Allies. The author of the editorial is presumably Mr. Frank H. Simonds. What Mr. Simonds thinks to-day will be thought in many places to-morrow, for he has been the chief journalistic exponent of orthodox pro-Ally sentiment in the United States.

After recounting the significance of the German failure at the Marne and the failure to reach a decision in Russia, Mr. Simonds adds that Germany "has, above all, lost the war because she must make terms with the British fleet before she can resume her commercial life . . . . She has not shaken British sea power, and she cannot shake it . . . On the other hand, in the sense that Germany is threatened with annihilation, that she is certain or even likely to be crushed, that she will presently be overrun and partitioned, she has not been beaten, and there is no present prospect that she is likely to be beaten. The Allies are fighting now, not with any clear political or military purpose but still in the mood and temper created by Bernhardi and Treitschke, by Belgium, by Louvain, by the Zeppelin raids in Britain, by the Lusitania massacre and by all other manifestations of German terribleness . . . Germany has been very largely cured of her madness, despite the boasting of her public speakers. Her dream of world power has vanished in thin air and her people have suffered too terribly to have illusions for many years to come . . . She is coming out of the war, at the very best, heavily burdened with debt, leaving her great foes unbeaten, leaving Great Britain, her chief rival, organized for war on something like a German basis, and having lost the world markets in which she found her greatest prosperity before the war."

Those of us who think it is time for the Allies to clarify their own purposes in regard to peace certainly do not desire a peace which would leave Germany master of Europe and in a position to contend for the mastery of the world. The object of beginning to talk now about terms of peace and the purposes of the war is to discover whether the cause of the Allies in its most civilized form has not actually won the day, and to avoid the hideous possibility that millions of lives will be sacrificed because of an illusion about the word "victory."

It is important to examine the slogans under which the Allies are fighting. As defined by Mr. Asquith on September 19th, 1914, Great Britain entered the war (1) "To vindicate the sanctity of treaty obligations and what is properly called the

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public law of Europe. (2) To assert and enforce the independence of free states, relatively small and weak, against the encroachments and violence of the strong, and (3) to withstand, as we believe in the best interests not only of our own Empire, but of civilization at large, the arrogant claim of a single Power to dominate the development of the destinies of Europe."

How is the world to know when these objects have been attained? Some say it will not be until the Russians are in Berlin, others that the French must have crossed the Rhine, others claim they would be content with a great smash in the West which rolled the Germans back fifty or sixty miles. The common feeling is that German arms must suffer a sensational loss of prestige, and that Germany must have nothing to show for the war but her losses. The argument is that only then will the German people be educated against their own imperial ambitions, and the menace of Germany be ended by a democratic revolution.

If Mr. Asquith's three aims are analyzed more closely it becomes clear that items one and two cannot be realized on the battlefield. Were Germany the only offender against treaty obligations and the only danger to weak nations, the crippling of Germany might inaugurate the reign of public law in the world. But with Japan and Russia in the camp of the Allies, the hope vanishes into nothing. So if we take Mr. Asquith's statement at its face value, it must be admitted that the Allies cannot win what they are fighting for. But Mr. Asquith spoke more than a year ago. To-day there is probably no responsible statesman in France or England so naïve as to suppose that treaties can be made sacred and small nations preserved in their independence by military victories over Germany. China, Finland, Persia, would make a mockery of the words.

The third aim remains: to wage war against the desire of Germany to dominate the destinies of Europe, and hence of the world. Let us assume this to have been Germany's desire. How shall we know when Germany has abandoned it? The answer to this supreme question will depend on a judgment as to the relative balance of power as it is now, or is likely to be after another year or two of fighting. For in the *Realpolitik* which the Germans understand so well, success and failure are not measured by the color of the map, but by the relative power of the nations which decide the fate of the world. If the phrase "world dominion" means anything, it means not the annexation of the world, but supreme power in the council of nations.

Is Germany to-day nearer to supreme power than she was in July, 1914? If so, then in spite of her suffering she is relatively "greater." If she emerges from the war the strongest political force in the world, then she has indeed won what might be called a victory. This is the question her militant professors must be asking themselves, and being unsentimental men, how are they likely to answer it?

They can derive pleasure by thinking of Hindenburg, they can make lists of fortresses captured, but if they are measuring Germany's power in relation to that of her enemies, they will derive small comfort from their estimate. Their greatest enemy, as they know so well, is Great Britain, and as Mr. Simonds points out, Germany has not shaken British sea power and she cannot shake it. The British fleet is immensely stronger than it was in July, 1914. It is said that the total tonnage added during the war is equivalent to the American navy. For England has silently spent huge sums of money which Parliament would never have appropriated in time of peace. Sea power was probably never so absolute as it is to-day. Moreover, the capture of German colonies in Africa and in the Pacific has swept away the strategic bases on which a German sea power would have to rest. If Germany's future is upon the water, that future is blacker to-day than ever before.

World dominion without sea power is unthinkable, and no one realizes this more clearly than the Germans. That is why they hate England. They know that to coerce France or Russia may give them victories, and even perhaps some added territory, but it will never give them a world position as great as Great Britain's. Their industrial life so far as big profits are concerned lies at the mercy of Britain, and the more industrialized Germany becomes the more true will this be. They cannot gain access to the world without the consent of the English, and so long as the English are willing to fight, Germany can never win anything in Europe but territory with which to bargain.

That is why, in the last analysis, sea power will drive Germany out of Belgium, and Germany will be defeated in a battle that will never be fought. No conquest in Europe is worth so much as the right to sail the seas, and that right England controls for the present. The British may have bungled on land, but their victory on the oceans of the world is complete and decisive. Because of this victory, the Allies can afford to define the terms of a just peace.

Of course, if they have in mind an unjust peace, that is another matter. At present the German people believe that they have. The Germans believe the Allies wish to make them helpless against Russia, and this belief is what stiffens their resistance. There is no triumph in their utterances to-day—a little pride concealing a great fear. To define terms of peace would take away the worst fears of the German people, and might among other

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things prove to be a shrewd political move. German courage to-day is based on those fears.

No one in his senses suggests that the Allies should make peace at any price. The suggestion is that they should define not in abstract phrases but in fairly concrete terms the price of peace. If the price is not vindictive and Germany nevertheless rejects it, the fighting can go on and nothing will have been lost. Ultimate power would still be with the Allies. But whenever terms are accepted, the real education of the German people will begin. They will have to ask themselves why conquering armies have not won a war, and the pomp of victory may seem less real. They will think of the deaths in every family, the army of cripples. They will begin to pay their taxes. They will realize that to maintain their army, build more dreadnoughts than England, and meet their debts is beyond human power. What if they can gaze upon an autonomous Poland with high national feeling, what if they can point to precarious concessions and markets in Turkey? How much complacency is that likely to produce in a nation where four million social democratic voters have been educated to question the autocracy of Prussia?

Trade With South America

DURING the Pan-American conferences of the past week attention has been called by several speakers to the present opportunity for increasingly intimate business relations between the United States and South America. Until recently Pan-Americanism has been largely a political movement. Our friends to the South have been talking amiably about association with the United States, but they bought and sold chiefly in Europe. Our own business men were sentimentally interested in their southern neighbors, but their practical energy was bent upon satisfying the expanding home markets and in supplying Europe with raw materials and manufactured specialties. Such trade as there was between the two American continents was largely financed abroad. The United States bought in larger amounts than it sold and the debit balance was settled in pounds sterling. Thus while many Americans were proclaiming the desirability of the political separation of the American world from Europe, the two continents were unable to transact their routine business with each other except through London banks.

The weakness was recognized, but the remedy was supposed to be simple. Our exporters could capture the South American market as soon as they found it worth while to study its needs, which would be as soon as they were manufacturing a sufficient exportable surplus. Only recently has it been understood that in order to build up an American export trade with South America, both effective selling agencies must be established, and equally effective agencies for promoting and financing the trade. The outlook for increasing commerce with South America has become more encouraging not merely because American manufacturers are needing a foreign market and are preparing to seek it, but because in other respects the organization of business in this country is becoming more adequate to the complicated task of building up over-seas commerce. And this better preparation is largely a matter of an improved organization of private credit and an increasing disposition to use it for the development of American business with foreign countries.

By the improved organization of private credit we do not mean merely the steps which have recently been taken by American banks to establish branches in South America and to handle exchange direct between New York and the large South American cities. We mean also the systematic attempts which are now being made to meet European competition for South American trade by extending to South American countries the same opportunity to borrow money in this country that they have hitherto enjoyed in France and England. If the United States is to sell largely of its manufactured products to South America, its business men must be prepared not only to grant adequate credits on individual orders, but at least in some measure to lend to South Americans the money with which the purchases are made. The resources of our sister republics are still undeveloped. For another generation their purchasing power will depend on their ability to build new railroads, to utilize their water power, to open up their lands and mines and to initiate the other kinds of business which require the permanent investment of large amounts of capital. They have been making their purchases in Europe because European bankers were lending them the money. If they are to divert their purchases to this country they will require similar accomodations from American finance. Trade follows not in the wake of the flag but in the wake of the loan.

American bankers could not for the present have even considered the extension of sufficiently large credits to South America were it not for the radical alteration in the organization of international finance brought about by the war. It has temporarily turned the European nations into borrowers and forced the United States into the position of lender. The Allies have been obliged to husband their resources in credit as carefully as Germany husbanded her resources in cotton or copper. When the London Stock Exchange was reopened, the issue of foreign securities was prohibited without the permission of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. British investors were pressed to sell their holdings of

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American securities and invest the proceeds in the war loans of their government. Recently in order to maintain exchange the government itself has been inviting the holders of American stocks to deposit them and to accept compensation in its own paper. In France, through the coöperation of some of the large private banking houses, French investors were induced to deposit their shares in American corporations as the security for a credit negotiated in this country. In these and other respects the financial policies of the two governments sought to subordinate the use of private credit to the public emergency. They needed the assistance of private credit not to finance their sales to undeveloped countries, but to finance their purchases in the United States and elsewhere.

A similarly radical alteration has taken place in the character of American financial activity. For the first time the business problem of the country has been that of financing not an unmanageable volume of domestic trade, but an even more unmanageable volume of trade with foreign countries. The private lending resources of the country were employed to the very limit in the interest of its commerce. Great quantities of American securities were brought back from Europe. A series of minor grants of credit culminated in the flotation of the great loan to the Allies. This huge transfer of capital was merely a conspicuous example of the type of business transaction which had been characteristic of the relations of European banks with South American and other undeveloped countries. Large amounts of private capital were placed at the disposal of the French and English governments to enable them to pay for American goods which they could buy only in the United States and which we wanted to sell. Instead of borrowing in Europe in order to get money with which to carry on American domestic business, Americans were lending to European purchasers in order to supply them with money to pay for their imports. It was not an exchange of goods against goods but of credit against goods, and it should have been sufficient to teach American business men a needed lesson about the mechanism of modern foreign trade. The country exporting the goods must export the capital.

Once the war is over, Europe will not continue to finance its American purchases by borrowing American money. It will pay for all that it needs from this country in manufactured goods. But its ability to sustain anything like its old volume of exports of capital is more than doubtful. French, British and German trade will be handicapped by an enormous burden of public expenditure and debt, which, whatever its effect on the level of prices, will certainly diminish the rate at which capital will be accumulated. For many years the surplus of Europe will have to be devoted to the work of reconstruction. But if it cannot export capital in the same volume, one of the supports will be removed from its export of goods to South America and other relatively undeveloped countries. At least a part of this capital will have to come from elsewhere, chiefly from the United States. This country will be financially more self-sustaining than ever before in its history and will be in a correspondingly better position to use its savings to create foreign markets. The available lending power of American banks will be substantially increased by the better organization under the Federal Reserve act of the credit and currency system of the country. American business will consequently be in a much better position to compete for a larger share of the South American trade.

Thus the European war has created for the republics of North and South America a new bond of mutual dependence. The need and at the same time the opportunity exists for more intimate commercial and financial association. The Americans will be rendered in all business affairs somewhat more independent of Europe. They will transact a larger proportion of their total trade without European intermediation. This business should be financed by American capital, its balance should be settled in American money, and its cargoes should to an increasing extent be carried in American ships. The closer economic coöperation and increasing independence will have a beneficial effect both on the political relations among the American republics and upon their joint relation to Europe. It will mean not any corresponding increase of political isolation of the Americans from Europe, but the gradual establishment between the political systems of the two hemispheres both of a more equal partnership and a better understanding of what the contribution of each should be to an international concert.

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The Meaning of Nationality

ONE of the most serious obstacles in the way of international peace and of the international organization which must precede it is the prevalent confusion of mind on the subject of nationality. There has been much talk in the last hundred years on both sides of the Atlantic about the principle of nationality and the rights and destinies of nations, but very little attempt has been made to subject the conceptions "nation" and "nationality" to any strict analysis. Men are not purely logical animals, and there are few spheres where they are less logical than in politics. It is not surprising that they should be ready to spend their devotion and pour out their lives in thousands for a cause or a principle of which they have never tried, and would not be able, to give a rational account. There is indeed a natural reluctance to submit what we feel to be intimate and sacred to the cold analysis of reason or to "peep and botanize" in a field where other men have shed their blood without doubt or question. Nor should I venture to suggest discussion on the matter at all had I not come to feel that it is only after having grasped the distinctive meaning and value of nationality, and having disentangled it from other conceptions with which it has unhappily become associated, that men will ever begin to see their way towards a better political organization of the world and the effective prevention of war.

There are two great difficulties which confront the inquirer into the meaning of nationality. The first is the difficulty of nomenclature. The whole question has become confused owing to the loose use of words. Different words are used to express the same idea, and the same word is used to cover several different ideas. For instance, the most vital distinction in the discussion is that between citizenship and nationality—between the perfectly clear and definite conception of legal and moral obligation conveyed by the words citizen and civic, and the vaguer and more intimate conception of nationality. The distinction is really a very simple one, and is familiar to every thinking person who lives, as English-speaking people do, in a community in which nationality and citizenship are not co-extensive; it is familiar, in fact, to everyone who has not what I make bold to say is the misfortune to live in the confined atmosphere of a "national state."

Yet this perfectly simple distinction is obscured by the fact that the words state and nation have become specialized for Americans in a way exactly contrary to that in which British citizens, whether English or Canadian or Indian, are beginning to think of them. If the British commonwealth is ever federalized it will not consist of United States but of Dominions; and no one is ever likely to speak or think of its component members, spread over five continents, as a "British nation." British nationality is a non-existent thing. The British commonwealth, like the American, consists of a congeries of nationalities, many of which, like the French Canadians, the Dutch South Africans and the Indian Moslems, have close national affinities, racial, linguistic or religious, with nationalities outside. A distinguished English thinker wrote a book the other day under the title "Towards International Government," making proposals for the enlargement of The Hague tribunal after the war. But in reality international government is a thing which we have long had with us. English-speaking people on both sides of the Atlantic are perfectly familiar with the exercise of authority by a single government and a single system of law over peoples of many different races and languages and at many different levels of intellectual development. It is only the backward or backsliding governments of Central and Eastern Europe which find it difficult to recognize the duty of meting out equal justice to the different nationalities under their sway. The problem before The Hague is to organize not international government—for that concerns the internal policy of the various sovereign states—but interstate government. And the way to promote its solution is not by attempting to minimize the inherent differences between nation and nation, or to empty the conception of nationality of all its wealth of traditional meaning and association, but to disentangle from it the clear and familiar conception of civic obligation, and so to enable men, whatever their nationality, more and more to think of themselves as citizens of the world and responsible, through the actions of their government, for the welfare of the world as a political whole.

There is a second difficulty. The real reason why nationality has never been clearly analyzed is because its manifestations are so various and disparate as to defy definition. We speak of the "sentiment" or the "principle" of nationality. But sentiments and principles, as the psychologists tell us, are not ultimate things. They are compounded or have grown up, under the influence of environment, out of instincts and dispositions which are inherent in man's nature. The sentiment of nationality is thus in every case a composite growth, due partly to innate qualities and partly to a social tradition in which environment has played its part. Thus

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no two manifestations of nationality are really identical. Mother-love is mother-love all the world over. We need no knowledge of history or literature to explain to us how an Irish or Polish or Jewish mother feels towards her children. But without a knowledge of Irish and Polish and Jewish history and social traditions, and without a deliberate and difficult imaginative effort based upon that knowledge, it is impossible for us to understand or appreciate the complex social forces which are roughly summed up in the words Irish, Polish, and Jewish nationalism. National consciousness is in fact a Proteus; it is always changing its form and substance, it varies from place to place and from age to age. Sometimes, as in eighteenth century Italy, it seems to be entirely submerged as a driving force; sometimes, as the history of the Roman Empire shows, it dies out or can be educated out altogether or improved away out of recognition; yet it is strangely tenacious and has unexpected possibilities of hidden life and sudden re-emergence, as is shown not only by the nineteenth century experience of the Ottoman Empire and Austria-Hungary, but by recent developments in the British Empire and the United States.

This is not the place to analyze why some nationalities have died and others survived. When Paul the Jew spoke in Greek to an audience of Lycaonians, as a man might speak in English to an audience of immigrants in America to-day, the simple folk were so much stirred that they cried out in their native language—emphatically no *Kultursprache*. Lycaonia was a nationality then. But it has long since passed into the limbo of history, and the descendants of that audience have become just nameless "Anatolians," though scholars think they can trace a faint connection, the very ghost of a social tradition, between the designs on their ancient tombstones and their modern peasant embroidery. (The curious reader may care to look up the *Journal of Hellenic Studies,* Vol. XXIV, pp. 260 and 289.) The Jews, however, in spite of the standardizing influence of Greek culture and Roman institutions, we have always with us, and the world is the richer for them in more senses than one. So again Babylon and Assyria have been taken while Armenia and Egypt and Persia remain.

It is hard to explain these vicissitudes of ancient history, but one thing seems clear. However nationalities may have died out through assimilation and the decay of self-consciousness in the past, they are not likely to continue to do so. The apostles of uniformity and standardization are in fact nowadays in a dilemma. If they attempt to stamp out a national consciousness by oppression they only kindle it into new life, as there is ample recent history to show. If they try "killing by kindness" they are apt to find that the favored population begins to take an interest in its past, and that a national movement springs up in the happier and more wholesome field of education and literature. There must be many instances of this in the United States. In the British Isles Sir Walter Scott's novels and the recent achievements of Irish and Welsh drama are sufficient examples. Scott did a great service to the United Kingdom by interesting English readers in Scotland and so overlaying—or sublimating, as I believe the psychologists call it—the traditional atmosphere of enmity and suspicion between the two nations—the legacy of the Jacobite risings of the eighteenth century. Yeats and Synge have done something of the same kind for Ireland, and Rabindranath Tagore is doing it for India. I cannot help feeling, though I speak with diffidence, that imaginative work of the same kind remains to be done for Slavic and Jewish and Italian and German America, and that this would do more to knit together the peoples of the American commonwealth than the policy of assimilation and the melting-pot can hope to achieve.

For the central fact about nationality as I see it is that it is not, as so many Europeans and even Americans believe, a political force at all, but a spiritual force. In essence it has nothing to do with politics. Its connection with law and government is accidental and due to the folly of governments in interfering with intimate spheres into which it is not their business to penetrate. Civic obligation does not require and could not possibly compel a British citizen of German descent to feel about Germany as ordinary Englishmen do. How can he help feeling differently, and more intensely? But if citizenship cannot prescribe to us how we should feel, neither should nationality prescribe to us how we should think. It may lay down for us the way in which we think—for there seems to be something innate in modes of thought and feeling, as the persistence of national and even family types seems to show—but there is nothing national about the actual processes either of reasoning or of moral judgment. These are universal human faculties. The opinions which they enable us to form are ours in virtue of the fact that we are human beings living in society, and we accept them, or should accept them, not from blood or tradition or sentiment, but at the bar of reason and conscience alone. And if this is true of opinion, still more it is true of conduct in relation to public affairs. The distinction between the two spheres is surely clear, and certainly vital; yet both chauvinists and sentimentalists in all countries are constantly ignoring it.

Politics is a science and an art that has been developed, still very imperfectly, to meet certain universal human needs. Its conceptions and its

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achievements are not national but universal; they belong to the higher life of the human race as a whole. No nation or section of mankind can claim or desire a monopoly or a patent right in respect to law or liberty or democracy or the principle of representation. These are great universal discoveries, or landmarks of human progress, which serve to bind men together, not to herd them off into national pens. The idea or ideal that every nationality must have its own independent government, which became prevalent during the nineteenth century, is a purely modern growth and, as Lord Acton pointed out at the time, a palpable absurdity. It is moreover quite incompatible with the migration and mobility which have become permanent and increasing features of modern civilized life. Men who are living together in society need justice and liberty not in virtue of their intimate sentiments or their race or language or religion, but in virtue of their needs as social beings. No one would dream of putting the Norwegians of Minnesota or the Germans of Wisconsin under a separate government in virtue of their particular sentiments, and the ideal of the national state would seem equally misplaced in the east of Europe had not the political evolution of that part of the world been hopelessly retarded by the wickedness or imbecility of the governments concerned. The state is not the expression of national individuality, like art or literature or intimate modes of thought and feeling. It is a community of human beings organized on the basis of mutual service. Thus it is that as commerce and intercourse are gradually causing the world to shrink and bringing into existence a world society, we are slowly moving towards a single World-State. But it is equally certain that nationality is alive and will prove indestructible, and that in a world exposed at every turn to vulgar and soulless standardization, its conscious preservation is essential to meet the deeper needs of the human spirit.

ALFRED E. ZIMMERN.

London.

"Cheap Clothes and Nasty"

THE twelve weeks' strike of the Chicago garment workers which is just breaking up may be looked upon as the most recent chapter in the long struggle of the workers to raise their standard of living in what has been historically the worst paid, or, in the words of the sociologist, the most thoroughly "parasitic" trade that modern industry has developed. What the Christian Socialists of an earlier generation called "the dishonorable trade of the slop-shops" still counts its victims by the thousand score, and the victims still belong chiefly to what is known as the weaker sex. As long ago as the Christmas season of 1843, Thomas Hood immortalized the misery of the sweated needle-trades when he published the "Song of the Shirt" in the holiday number of an English comic weekly. Kingsley was the next prophet in this field who undertook to preach the gospel of the poor, and under the signature of Parson Lot he wrote the famous indictment called "Cheap Clothes and Nasty," in which he charged that "slavery, starvation, and waste of life" were the cost of the ready-made garments that men so thoughtlessly put on their backs. "Cheap clothes and nasty" they remain to this day, and anyone who reviews the long history of overwork and underpay in this industry may be tempted to question whether all the ready-made garments in the world are worth the misery that has been sewed into them.

Not only in England but in America the ready-made trade was founded on the misery of the poorest of those who work to live. As early as 1835 Philadelphia's sober economist, Matthew Carey, published a "Plea for the Poor" which was a vehement protest on behalf of the starving tailoresses and other victims of the sewing-machines of that early day—"poor creatures," as he mildly said, who were living "in a situation almost too trying for human nature." But of late years it has not been the philanthropists but the workers themselves who have attempted to raise this submerged trade to the level of a self-respecting industry. As a result of their hard efforts and heavy sacrifices certain unmistakable and permanent gains have been won. We need only recall the Hart, Shaffner and Marx agreement in Chicago, the New York protocol, and the English Trade Boards act, which was placed on the statute books through the efforts of the Labor party, as evidence that along this line progress lies.

It is scarcely necessary to enumerate the grievances of the striking clothing-workers in Chicago, for these grievances are common to the trade save where they have been remedied in recent years by collective bargaining. Especially interesting, however, was the submission as evidence before the City Council's Investigating Committee of the pay envelopes of the workers in some of the leading strike-bound firms. The incontrovertible testimony of pay envelopes showing, for example, weekly earnings of $2.40 for 32 hours' work, $2.17 for 23 hours' work, $1.24 for 17 hours' work, $1.23 for 13 hours' work, all of which received due news-

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paper publicity, gave convincing proof of the justice of the workers' demands. The only answer of the employers to this testimony was that the lowest earnings did not represent a full week's work—an answer which overlooks the fact that a full week's work at less than eight cents an hour would hardly net a living wage.

An interesting feature of the recent Chicago struggle was the refusal of Mr. Gompers and the American Federation of Labor to recognize the Amalgamated Clothing Workers because of their secession from the United Garment Workers. This closed the treasury of every Chicago union that might have come to the assistance of the strikers, and the result has been that a union representing the poorest and weakest groups of the community has fought its battle single-handed while the stronger unions, which should be a source of strength at such a time, have been against them. So heavily lies the hand of Gompers upon the trade-union world of Chicago that even the Women's Trade Union League refused to help in this strike in which thousands of women and girls were making their first sacrifices for the principle of collective bargaining. The public mind was obviously confused by this quarrel, and it is a tribute to the honesty and the skill of the strike leaders that public sympathy was not alienated by it. A young Jewish girl, in attempting to explain to a sympathetic club woman the factional differences that had rent the United Garment Workers and produced the new union, finally put the thing with brevity: "I'll tell you what it is, lady, it's like this; they've got the charter and we've got the members, and that's all there is to it."

Practically, however, the failure of support in the trade-union world has been the chief reason for defeat, if the end must be called defeat. The strike has been supported for all these weeks by contribution from the sewing-trades alone. The workers both in New York and Chicago who are fortunate enough to be employed in "fair" shops have been willing to share their earnings with those who are now carrying on the struggle. Nearly $150,000 contributed by clothing workers and other poor Jewish people on the West Side of Chicago represent sacrifices not to be thought of lightly. One recalls the old saying, "Only the poor are good to the poor, and they that have little give to those that have less."

Another significant fact about the present strike has been the opposition of the mayor of Chicago to the clothing workers, and his acquiescence in the unfair treatment of the strikers and strike sympathizers by the police. As is usual in such cases, the strikers have been charged with violence, but real violence may also be charged to the police themselves and the hired "gun-men" employed by the manufacturers. Some of the girl strikers arrested were too young to be "booked" in the police stations and were finally taken as delinquent girls to the Juvenile Detention Home, and yet the police were afraid of the "violence" of these young girls. The scene described in the Chicago newspapers when on a single day more than a thousand strikers who had been arrested on trivial charges overflowed from the municipal courtroom and crowded the corridors of the City Hall made an outsider wonder if the city had lost its humor.

Resentment over the conduct of the police seems to have led the Chicago public to make an extraordinary show of sympathy with the strikers. Broken picket lines were reinforced by social workers, club women, ministers and university students. Representatives of all these classes have been arrested, and it is possible that their experiences in Chicago's notorious police stations may be efficacious in producing some much needed reforms.

Over against the mayor's hostile attitude to the strikers, relatively few of whom, by the way, were voters, may be set the active and sympathetic interest of some of the ablest members of the City Council. An investigating committee sat for several weeks in October and took testimony not only regarding the system of police protection, which had come to mean protection of the employer's interest without regard to the rights of the public or the striking employees, but also regarding the causes of the strike and the refusal of the employers to arbitrate. It is noteworthy, too, that on the basis of a report by this investigating committee the City Council by a vote of 62 to 6 passed an order directing the chief of police to revoke the licenses issued to the special policemen, colloquially called gun-men, who were employed by the clothing manufacturers.

An inconclusive peace seems to have been the outcome of three months of industrial war. Each side claims a victory, but a condition of stalemate seems to have left things much as they were when the struggle began. The strikers were not "beaten to their knees," but they have few gains to show as a result of the strike. Several hundred and possibly a few thousand workers may have temporarily somewhat better conditions of work and wages. But with collective bargaining lost, all is lost, since the sporadic improvements will not be secure. The clothing workers of Chicago go back to their employers in the shadow, as it were, of another strike. It was said publicly in the early days of the strike that plans were already made to renew the struggle within a year if the workers were defeated. The men and women who are going back to work during these holiday weeks, bitter and starved though they

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may be, are not defeated in spirit. They have known for a few months the joy of battle and the exhilarating hope of victory, and, after all, the misery involved in no wages for a few weeks or months is not so much greater than the misery of trying to live on a miserably inadequate wage year after year. If one must starve, there are compensations in starving in a fight for freedom that are not to be found in starving for an employer's profits.

"Starved out" is the verdict to be passed on the most recent phase of the struggle for collective bargaining and "fair" conditions in the ready-made industry. And it may be well that Chicago should be reminded of the fact that a controversy settled by starvation is still unsettled. A peace that will last has not yet been reached, and preparedness for the next strike is the question of the hour in the Chicago clothing-trades.

Educated for What?

"WHY are women in the professions so half-hearted?" asked Tom suddenly. The question fell like a bomb into the group of five that sat lazily drinking tea by his farmhouse fire. Both Jane and Mary—one an unmarried social investigator, the other a doctor as well as a wife—sat up argumentatively in their chairs. But Felicia, the hostess, pointing out that men were in a minority, asked Mary's husband, Dr. Jim, to speak his mind first.

"Of course we are all feminists here," he began. "I have given the best proof of it a man can. My own experience of professional women is limited—the only set I've known well were Mary's fellow students at the medical school. But I'm sorry to say I agree with Tom: the first thing that struck me about them was that nine-tenths of them didn't seem to know why they were there. They weren't single-minded about their work as men are. You felt a sort of hesitation, a sort of sag in them. The difference in the spirit—well, it was startling." He shook his head. "Those poor girls seemed sort of haunted."

"Nagged at," suggested Mary.

"That's it. It was as if they had been so nagged at all their lives by non-essentials that they had lost the faculty of keeping their eye on one goal as we two were doing."

Mary returned his look. Their goal was biological research, and they had been pursuing it together through their young twenties with complete unity and an almost dedicated aloofness.

"These are burning questions to Tom and me," said Felicia. "Here we are with three girls to educate. We passionately believe that they must all do some self-supporting work in the world. In fact, even if we could afford not to, we should turn them out of the house at the age of eighteen on principle. But where are we going to direct them? So far they themselves show no interest in the subject."

"Well, it's up to you," said Dr. Jim. "I believe it comes back to home training. Girls have never had a profession kept before them as boys have. Till they do, we won't get anything but amateur professional women."

"Heaven knows," broke out his wife, "why girls do well even in college. It's in spite of their families. Now most of my friends' parents, like my own, were kind, intelligent people, tolerant of college education for girls. You could go if you wanted, and you could probably go on to something else afterward if you insisted. But nobody *cared*. What I studied, the marks I got—it was all a matter of course, of indifference. They never asked me or themselves what I was being educated *for*. It happened by miracle that Jim and my career coincided very early in the game."

"Aha!" exclaimed Tom, "now we are getting to the point. Where does matrimony come into woman's education? That is the real question, isn't it?"

"Rot," retorted the doctor briskly. "Don't you go worrying about the mating instinct, Tom. It's quite strong enough to take care of itself. It comes in anywhere and everywhere, because it has to. What we need to cultivate is the professional instinct. Now take my lovely sisters—can't do a blessed thing but sit around and wait to get married. I was never allowed to forget for a day that I had to earn a living and 'make good.' But nothing was expected of the dear girls but domestic accomplishments."

"Now, Jim," protested Felicia, "domestic accomplishments can't be dismissed so easily. Wait till you have a home and children. You're speaking as an interne. I want my daughters to have occupations but I also frankly want them to have husbands, so I believe they should be educated also for domesticity. Indeed, I go farther—I think they must have the sort of occupation that makes the two compatible. You scorn 'odd jobs,' but who's going to do them if not women? The men simply haven't time in the midst of the economic struggle. Of course there are cases where the woman is more creative or a better wage-earner than the man—then he should fill in. But generally speaking, a woman, I don't care what her profession, has got to be willing and able, well—not only to do the marketing, but to go and see a sick grandmother at the end of a hard day, or sit up with the baby."

"Look here," protested Jane, "I claim the right

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to speak at last, and I object strenuously to sex distinctions in the matter of patchwork—as I do to Felicia's assumption that the professional woman is not in the economic struggle. She *is* there. That's the crux of the matter, and the odd job has got to be either eliminated or shared. Even now we are so handicapped by the necessity of doing our so-called 'woman's work' as well as the other, that it's no wonder the Mme. Curies are unique. Give us five hundred years of really equal opportunity, and, as Jim says, equal psychological expectancy and see what happens. Give us co-education in the professional school and you won't find the sag he noted. I don't believe the women at Johns Hopkins are half-hearted."

"You are trying to evade the issue, Jane," objected Tom. "The handicap, as I see it, is chiefly nature. Surely you don't deny woman's instinct for service? Even in your case, if there's a choice between your work and a human being the work suffers. I myself have seen you wobble."

"You haven't," protested Jane indignantly. "Or if you have it's only because the odd job is there to do, not because I want to do it. And I assure you that if I had been what Felicia calls educated for domesticity I shouldn't have got anywhere at all. It was my academic training that kept me going and made me cherish my small spark."

"You talk, my dear," objected Felicia, "as if you were being less creative when you help to make beautiful human relations than when you write your sociological treatises."

"Can't you understand why the college graduate of my generation takes it hard when radicals like you and Tom turn on her? We had just barely achieved the right to our opportunity against those who claimed it would injure our chances of matrimony. It had even been conceded that we might be old maids if we chose. And now we are wept over because we wither on the tree, and asked to revert to domestic science. What if I prefer a book to a husband? Jim is right: a little mental discipline, a little objectivity of purpose, will do more for us, married or single, than any lessons in dusting."

"Dusting, nothing!" said Tom. "We are speaking scientifically, I hope. Go on and marry your old book, though the state needs your children, also, and the real problem before feminists to-day is whether it can or can't have both. It's positively ostrich-like to go on assuming that you are training women to be just doctors and sociologists. The college professor knows it isn't so and is bothered, and the modern father, hang it, does insist on knowing what his daughter is being educated for. Can't he pretty well assume it is half for motherhood?"

"So that's what you're driving at, Tom?" remarked Jim. "But reflect that if the lack of outlet for the maternal instinct were the only difficulty, trained nurses—I forgot to mention them before—would be perfectly happy. They are satisfying their instinctive motherhood every hour of the day, yet it is the very exceptional nurse, as I see her, who gets much out of her job but filthy lucre."

"And who isn't ready to cut it all to hook on to the first available man?" added Tom. "Just so. Having chosen to earn her living by satisfying her strongest need, she follows the need through to its logical conclusion."

"The nurse's case is a little outside of our argument," commented Felicia, "but there must be something significant in the enormous proportion of college graduates who go in for teaching and social work—the so to speak maternal professions."

"Nonsense," said Jane. "Those callings attract many besides the born mothers; first because they are obvious, traditional; second because they are cheap and easy so far as higher training goes—by comparison, I mean, with law or medicine."

"But are social workers whole-hearted?" insisted Tom. "Only the exceptional again. And the Lord knows we all complain of the way school teachers dry up. What America needs is more mixing up of work and matrimony, instead of the present artificial separation."

"What women need," said Mary, "is, I insist, professional training. Now science has given me all the weapons I need for life if I can only use them; clearness of sight, economy and honesty of mind, straightness of emotion. It doesn't allow any side tracks or any falterings. So when I have children I shall not hang broodingly over them as you do, Felicia; I shall firmly engage a competent nurse and firmly send them off to a good school later. They will be expected to get more out of my biological discoveries than from my constant attention. But even if I should give up research to-morrow," she added reflectively, "it would be worth the grind and the sacrifice of these last years."

Tom burst into a delighted laugh. "There's where I score," he exclaimed. "Six years of medicine in order to be a good wife!"

"Not at all," said Mary, stiffly. "It is true that my profession helps me to stand behind Jim, prevents me from quarrelling with his inevitable detachment as most scientists' wives do. What I personally get out of medicine is a sense of having a share in the independent world of impersonal truth. Half-hearted? Not if I never have children."

"The answer to that is, wait till you do have them, Mary," said Felicia. "Then we shall really be able to judge whether—excuse my pompous language—you can serve both science and the race."

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT.

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Angels to the Rescue

AFTER playing a hard game of chess and losing I often find myself repeating the crucial plays in imagination. And the wonderful thing about these imaginary games is that I am always triumphantly successful. Combinations which seemed impregnable melt away, the attack is neat and decisive. My part of the game is conducted with certainty, yet invariably when I have taken the trouble to set up the pieces in order to try out my victory, it has turned out that I had overlooked an important pawn that destroyed the whole scheme. The oversight has usually proved to be gross, and no one looking at the actual pieces on the board could have made it. But in imagination the error resisted detection. It was as if in the free play of the mind a deus ex machina was set upon removing the chief obstacle to victory.

The other night I attended a dinner where competent socialists were to discuss the future of the International. One of the speakers was Mr. Louis Boudin, generally regarded as the ablest Marxian scholar in America. Mr. Boudin has a reputation for hardheadedness, and his writings are full of scorn for those who deal in "ideologies" and pretty hopes. He had before him an audience of men and women who were a bit disheartened by the breakdown of their highest hope—the dream of a world-wide solidarity which would prevent war. They were looking for a renewal of faith that would rest on firm foundations. What did Mr. Boudin do? He denounced the nationalism of European workingmen, he asserted that the "economic basis" of internationalism existed, he arraigned the leaders of socialism for disloyalty to the gospel, he called them politicians, and he ended by shouting that the real international must be based on real internationalism.

Judged by the applause, Mr. Boudin met the situation splendidly. Yet his evasion was obvious. The fact was that internationalism had failed in the test; that the leaders of socialism, professing it in their speeches, had failed to make it a reality; that after forty or fifty years of high talk the vision had broken down in less than a week. What everyone wished to know was why this had happened. Mr. Boudin said it was because the socialists weren't true internationalists, but that dictum merely opened up the much more crucial question of why they weren't true internationalists. They weren't, said Mr. Boudin, because they were politicians. The query what made them politicians he left unanswered. That pawn in the game he refused to use in his imaginary triumph, and having overlooked it he was able to say with much eloquence that the new internationalism must not be led by politicians. Where his analysis faltered he called upon fine sentiment to cover the difficulty, and the rustle of angels' wings could be heard in his peroration.

The President used the same method recently in laying the proposal for a continental army before Congress. The President knew, everyone who had studied the plan knew, that the real question was, can the continental army be recruited? That issue the President touched off by appealing to the patriotism of employers. When that sentiment is used for an appeal, analysis stops. The difficulty of releasing several hundred thousand men for military service is immense. It would require a great readjustment of economic life. But patriotism belongs to the angels, and where a problem is uncomfortable they can conceal it.

Public discussion is full of this amiable form of self-deception. Schemes are put forward every day which require an amount of virtue that exists only at the conclusion of orators' speeches. Difficulties are evaded by calling upon brotherly love, citizenship, patriotism, public spirit, and all the other glowing abstractions which mask an incompleted analysis. Realistic statesmen, men with imaginations that clinch reality, do not rely upon virtuosity in virtue. They do not cover a rocky path with a silk rug. That is why they are so often regarded as hard and cynical and lacking in imagination, whereas their imaginations are too honest for the trick of summoning the angels to win imaginary victories. But their reward is that occasionally they win a real victory.

It is a good sign that men are coming to suspect political writing pitched in too noble a key. We are unlearning our taste for those treatises which are set in spacious halls of white marble inhabited by dignified men in purple togas. These treatises cannot be read with any comfort in a Bronx flat. They make no allowances. They screw us up to a pitch of morality which would produce a fine political system, though the world as we know it would be unrecognizable. Such treatises are now being classed with fairy tales, with all those accounts of human life which shirk its chief difficulties.

Yet the love of them is inexhaustible. Essentially there is no difference between a world where men have eyes in the back of their heads, a world in which all chess games are victories and all employers are patriots and practitioners of the golden rule. They are easy worlds to imagine, and would be easier to live in than ours. We are all everlastingly busy constructing them, and their common quality

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is that they assume in the premise the conclusion which is desired. Much pacifism, for example, consists in imagining a world in which the incentive to fight was reduced, and then telling how peace is preserved in such a world. Many a scheme relies for its success upon a state of unselfishness which if it existed would make the scheme unnecessary.

Whenever a man wins his victories by ignoring the chief piece of the opposition we call him a doctrinaire if he is dull, a visionary if he is exalted, a dreamer if he is charming, and a fool if he interferes. His retort is that the realists lack imagination, that they are so interested in earth they cannot look to heaven. As a result, idealists and realists begin to get on each other's nerves. But the real difference is in the capacity for appreciating the immense gap of blue inane which separates earth from heaven, and in the realist's unwillingness to assume that men have angels' wings. If we are to get into heaven, says the realist, we must climb in, and the lower rungs of the ladder must not be beyond the reach of the smallest.

W. L.

The Architect

IT is not so much that he is a member of the architectural profession as that he represents to us, in a sense, architecture itself. In his square head and body, in his broad scholarly face, is something architectonic. He does not suggest, it is true, those Gothic churches with which he and his disciples have strewn our land, and which stand uneasily like shamefaced strangers amid our alien corn. His own construction has a more pleasant solidity, a high good-humor of form, a confidence, both polished and bluff, in the eternal rightness of being mediaeval in this modern age. Or perhaps his appearance does suggest what he so emphatically is, the Gothic strained through the New Hamphire temperament. Something a little rocky and uncouth there is about his great cathedrals which grow into monstrous globes, bloating out their chapels one by one.

The democratic indifference to his Gothic does not in the least disturb him. "Beauty," he has repeatedly said, "is a manifestation of the Absolute," and the Absolute would scarcely be itself were it not derided of the people. Our architect has always lived on the high surfaces of thought. He has never asked himself whether the true secret of the Gothic might not be lost, whether mere imitation could ever bring that delicate balance of thrusts and proportion of varied design which suddenly sets the whole organism in a beautiful equilibrium as one enters a perfect interior like St. Ouen or Chartres. He does not care if our American streets jangle and jar us. Give him a Gothic church on a corner and he is happy. I hate this Teutonic critical spirit, he would say. My churches look like Gothic, anyway, and besides, church-building is the noblest work of man. The function of art is the development of character, and perhaps one cannot develop one's moral sense if one is too subtly æsthetic.

It seems a little hard to connect the building of Chartres with the building of character, but it is easy when your artistic pedigree is by Rheims out of Boston. If you happen to be born in New Hampshire you can transmute almost anything into granite morality. Gothic cathedrals and Puritan correctness can be merged into a satisfying system of defence against democracy, industrialism, vocational training, and inductive science. Art for art's sake, and life for the glory of God merge perfectly. The one crime of education becomes the learning to make a living. And so our architect achieves an invigorating blindness which tilts at all the windmills that are grinding out the corn of the world. Young men are drawn after him in droves, fascinated by his masterly idealism. Europe is ransacked with gusto in order that a flamboyant tower may look down on the tawdry brick of Main street. Thus is the pure spirituality of the great Christian ages preserved in the midst of a blighting materialism. Character and art remain very much in the world, but as little as possible of the world.

The architect is the devoutest of Catholics, though strangely disloyal to the Vicar of God and the successor of St. Peter. He keeps all the festivals of the church, lights candles before the altars of the saints, writes with fervid eloquence of the beauty of ceremonial. Authority in church and state he worships, and wears black on the anniversary of the execution of St. Charles the First. Nothing thrills him like the early mass chanted in the dim light of dawn by a proper priest in a Gothic chasuble of splendid brocade wrought with holy figures and symbols in exquisite needlework, while the tall candles flicker before the reredos set with multitudinous saints and the labors of many artificers. He loves a Bishop who knows beauty and the significance of it, and grasps the full moment of tradition, memory and association. He loves to watch him enter in solemn procession, enveloped in a splendid cope, on his head the mitre of spiritual authority, in his hand the great carved crozier of his pastoral office, before him the professional crucifix with its flanking candles, the sweet incense, the solemn radiance. This is the wine of life, and to what nobler service could one consecrate one's self than to building Gothic chalices for such a wine?

Thus summing up in himself the richness of the great tradition, our architect speaks with full-blooded authority, almost, as I have said, as the

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voice of architecture itself. He is most notable at conventions of his professional colleagues whom he holds spellbound by his uncompromising idealism. At such occasions he is constantly on his feet, protesting with biting sarcasm against some misrepresentation of himself, or bringing the wandering convention back to the eternal verities. A most cruel irony has made the architect professor in a technological college, and he feels bitterly the degradation of being controlled by faculties of engineers and physicists. The great question of the absolute autonomy of architectural schools within the college or university he fights over at every convention. He thrills his friends with his demands that very sharp notes be written to the presidents demanding that architecture be liberated from this humiliating control of the utilitarian. Architecture must be linked forever with the fine arts and not with mechanics, he says. In his own school he has no means of preventing his students from learning biology and psychology and sociology and all the other Teutonic fads which are the cause of the present war, of the debâcle of character, righteousness and honor, and of all those things which make for the creation and endurance of decent society.

The robust confidence of his thought, the fine flavor of personal success, the note of social resonance which he sounds—all these keep the architect at the very forefront of his profession. One gets from him a comforting sense of a still complacent and cultivated American class which loves the old because it is right and because it is spiritual, which is still interested in the antithesis of spirit and matter, which is still feebly charmed by the wrappings and the clothes after the body that wore them is dead, which still shudders at the encroachments of materialism and the extirpation of culture. Art, says the architect, is the symbolical expression of otherwise inexpressible ideas. In a sense therefore the architect himself is a work of art. He is the symbolical expression of this torpid old vague culture of ours. He is a symbol of our rootlessness, of that cultural colonialism which has so little left but smug comfort and polite aspiration. This idea is very hard to express. We owe gratitude to the architect for symbolizing so perfectly, in his phobias for democracy and vocational training and the new knowledge about ourselves, these passing ideals.

JUVENIS.

CORRESPONDENCE

Americanism and England

SIR: Mr. Edward Fuchs, in your issue of December 18, protested against "Anglo-Saxonism." He cannot see why a loyal citizen of the United States should feel sympathy with England. "To such as me," he says, "Elizabeth can never be revered as a queen. . . . and . . . Goethe and Schiller, Voltaire and Racine are just as much my poets as Shakespeare." "England to me is a bugaboo." "England and democracy cannot be synonyms."

To me, an equally loyal American, it has long seemed that every American is bound to England by ties only second to those that bind him to his native (or his adopted) land. *I do not mean that he should wear a hyphen. No hyphen* is needed. The word "American" in itself implies this debt of affection and obligation.

As individuals we may look back with tenderness to the various "fatherlands" from which our respective ancestors came to America. As a people we can look back to no single origin. But as a nation, an organized community with common language and institutions and ideals, we must look back to one land, the land that gave us this language and that inspired and shaped these institutions and ideals.

I cannot but feel that the true American's language must be English. Whatever language men spoke in the land from which an alien came to us, he owes it to his new land to make its speech his own—to speak it, to think in it, to dream in it, to saturate his being in it. And, doing this, he can no longer feel that Goethe and Schiller are his in the same sense in which Shakespeare is. Shakespeare and Milton are not only England's. They are ours, by virtue of our speech, and no patriotic American should disclaim this inheritance.

But more than our language is English. Our laws are English. They come down to us from Cromwell and Elizabeth and Magna Charta. Even specific statutes bear *the hall-mark of their origin. Our government is English.* From the township organization up to Congress, it is permeated with the English spirit of equality before the law, of government by elected representatives.

Mr. Fuchs is stirred by the "traditions of Bunker Hill." He thinks these should teach him to make a "bugaboo" of the English. Undoubtedly, as taught in too many of our elementary schools, they do just that. There are half-educated teachers who tell their pupils that it is "the duty of a good American to hate England." And their knowledge is as limited as their understanding. They teach the history of the Revolutionary War thus: "An English king ruled England and the English and he oppressed America, until at last the American patriots, who had imbibed their ideas of liberty from some external source (presumably Heaven), rose in rebellion and founded this land of the free."

Why not abandon "bugaboos" for historical facts? Why not explain that England, at the time of the Revolutionary War, was not "ruled," but was illegally dominated —just as much as America is at times dominated—by a corrupt "ring" of the king and his advisers, who plundered England, and incidentally America, controlling Parliament, as Platt and Croker have controlled bodies nearer home, by bribery and patronage. Why not make clear that the ideas that delivered America from this group came, not as a new thing made on this side of the sea, but from the ancient traditions of the English race and the English constitution; that even at the time of Bunker Hill, with Washington and Adams and Jefferson, there stood on the side of liberty Burke and Pitt and Fox.

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In America, a new land, the principles of liberty developed more rapidly and more strikingly than in the old. But why "hate" all the English because, in spite of all our friends in England could do, a Tory "boss" with a bribed Parliament forced us to fight to retain our due share of English liberties?

England is essentially democratic. And I believe that we not only owe a great debt of gratitude to the English patriots who conceived our principles of government, but that we should feel, no less strongly, a sense of friendship and brotherhood to that empire, that mighty group of nations, that partakes with us the heritage of those principles. Whether or not we stand hand in hand, England and America must logically stand side by side to combat militarism, to combat conscription, to combat government by a ruler the ruled do not elect—even if he claim inspiration from on high.

I am not a "hyphenate." I am an American, loyal to American ideals, the ideals of Lexington and Bunker Hill. And, being thus, I place second only to America in my affection, the land that gave us Americans our American speech, our American laws, and our American ideals. And I cannot but pray, "God defend England! God enlighten her enemies!" B.

The New Republic's War Path

SIR: Of course it is not all sympathy that I feel for you in the present predicament of THE NEW REPUBLIC being attacked, as I note, simultaneously for "pro-Germanism," and just as heartily if not as loudly for its "British-ism."

I think I almost have a right to say, "I told you so," it cannot be done; and yet I take so much impersonal intellectual interest in your work that after all I can sympathize with you honestly.

As it appears to me, you are caught between two fires, because you have been playing with both of them. Your aim is apparent enough and it is meritorious; also in a sense it is not your fault that you will fail and must fail. The people, even your own people, the advanced intellectuals, are failing you. Your trouble is that you have rated them too high; your intellectual American is an illusion.

But one can also ask, how do you justly demand that the people condemn Germany's deeds morally and yet that they admit certain German ideals worth adopting, and that they are even to concede that Germany is needed in the world after the war? I think to the Anglophil critic *as he is* you are very vulnerable indeed. Americans, too, are more primeval than intellectual. They simply cannot hate and think also. You think you can, of course, but what if you can! All the worse for you, because then you are constitutionally different and cannot talk to your people. Or do you really believe there is a compromise between your professional correspondent of the last issue and your own statement? Is not your correspondent quite right when he demands that if you acknowledge, and you do, that there is a moral issue in the war, that you cannot compromise either on the to-be-desired result of the war, or the spirit of Germany? Why, those "moral-issue people" are quite right to distinguish with Mr. Kipling between human beings and Germans. That is what you ought to do, too, with your opinions about the origin of the war, about "Belgium," the Lusitania and other items. Either you are sentimental, or you are so hoggish as to hope for the halo of righteousness *and* the plunder of the condemned.

The trouble with you is that you know very well by this time that the causes of the war are not moral; that they are sordidly mercenary and world-mechanical. The moral indignation has receded with you to incidents of the German conduct. You try to save Germany as a spiritual world factor, and yet you side whole-heartedly with her physical enemies. It cannot be done. Her enemies need the hate to fight Germany, and you cannot hate Germany and admire her spirit. You have acknowledged quite a few war delusions, but you stop at the greatest, quite unconsciously. I make bold to say that a Germany that the world is forced to admire and imitate cannot be a Germany that you can condemn unmeasuredly in other respects. Such a freak nature never could have produced; she could not have wasted, at least, a whole race over it. Thus I believe you are trying to perform a feat that is humanly as impossible as it is undesirable. Neither the friends of the Allies nor the German sympathizers will be able to follow you. The latter don't want any of your sparing recognition. If the American people are not to forget "Belgium," the Germans certainly won't, and they are well satisfied that the curse you have flung at them will effectively block every path to "German ideals for American use," In that sense, I admit I am glad you will fail. Your intellectual attitude is a fraud, the same as your "technical neutrality;" but it will continue to interest me to watch you walking the tight rope.

W. M. SCHULTZ.

Rochester, N. Y.

[NOTE: Our contributor is resurrecting a German argument which we have not heard for many months. It runs as follows: Germany is a great nation, hence whatever Germany does is to be approved. The argument is just as false as the opposite one which says: Germany has committed international crimes, hence Germany must be annihilated. If to avoid two false positions is to walk a tight rope, it will continue to interest us to walk a tight rope. The name doesn't matter.—THE EDITORS.]

Pure Claptrap

SIR: For pure claptrap I have not read anything in some time to surpass Mr. Lippmann's article in this week's NEW REPUBLIC on "Uneasy America."

"Upon what hath this our Caesar fed that he hath grown so"—cocksure? Where does Mr. Lippmann get all his absolutely valid impressions? Just how does the writer get his evidences of "inner dissatisfaction?" It is excusable, one may presume, for a lot of young adventurers to start a paper and calmly assume to speak like profound sages. It is permissible, no doubt, for the same editorial team to use excellent phrases and little-used adjectives of great length in pouring out vague generalities. But when pseudo-political and economic gentlemen hitch their little paper on to our President, and in a supremely disinterested manner seek to cast odium on his great work, here is one humble minister that will speak right out in meeting.

In the first place, I do not believe the American people are one-tenth as uneasy as Mr. Lippmann would have us suppose, despite the roarings of the wild man of Oyster Bay. The American people are coming on a sound basis into a permanent prosperity. Study our bank clearings, our traffic conditions and our crop reports, instead of the gloomy letters of Englishmen and American snobs.

How any sane man could declare that Mr. Wilson has not shown leadership is beyond me. What more "positive ideal" does any reader need than to adhere to the ideals of Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln? Doesn't it seem a little strange that an eminent historian like the President, a

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practical administrator and a clear thinker, could be so flat and retiring as the article would make out? True leadership does not always require swashbuckling, fiery-breathed vehemence.

No, no, Mr. Lippmann, America is quite easy, and on the whole satisfied with the firm, consistent and patriotic leadership of President Wilson. "An empty wagon makes most noise."

J. F. CATES,
Pastor St. Paul's M. E. Church.

Tarrytown, N. Y.

Pennsylvania's Law Work

SIR: The letter of Mr. Thurston with reference to the University of Pennsylvania's law work typifies a very widespread American fallacy which confuses statesmanship and practical success at the bar with a scientific knowledge of the law. Because James Wilson did a great deal to bring about the formation of our federal constitution, it does not follow that he taught law scientifically. As a matter of fact we have his law lectures in printed form and if Mr. Thurston or anybody else will take the trouble to read them he will find in them but a meager if not mediocre exposition of the views of Burlamaqui, Puffendorf, and Grotius (mainly through the medium of an adaptation by an English divine, Rutherforth). The dogmatic method of these lectures does not differ from the method of Rutherforth's lectures on theology and has about the same claim to be called scientific.

In your answer to Mr. Thurston you weaken the claim that "the Harvard Law School under Dean Langdell was the first to entertain the idea that law is a science to be taught like other sciences." What was significant about Langdell's work was not the raising of the requirements for admission or other externals of administration, but the abandonment of the dogmatic method, and throwing the student into contact with the sources on the basis of which he is to make a scientific judgment himself, precisely as the student in the laboratory is to make a judgment on the facts before him and not merely memorize and apply principles laid down in a book. The defect of Langdell's method was that it sought for the sources of the law exclusively in printed reports. The modern law teacher must seek for the sources of the law in all that makes social life intelligible.

Lest Mr. Thurston suspect me of being hostile to the U. of P., let me add that I consider their law school to be *now* in the very forefront of scientific law-teaching. In Professors Mikell and Keedy they have the foremost teachers of criminal law in this country, and Professors Lewis, Loyd and Bohlen are doing exceptional work in presenting the law as an instrument of social life. But here as elsewhere the influence of the Harvard Law School has been a potent one.

MORRIS R. COHEN.

New York City.

A Passivist Defense

SIR: I have remarked with much approval THE NEW REPUBLIC'S open-minded attitude toward all matters relating to war and peace.

In your recent issues I notice with considerable curiosity certain views that you express, viz:

1. That the fundamental question is not of preparedness but of the international relationships and responsibilities of the United States.

2. That pacifists, having argued that armaments are the main incentive to war, are therefore responsible for the present panic in this country among those who urge immediate increase in our armaments because of their fear that European nations will attack us after the present conflict is over.

3. That if pacifists had begun by admitting the necessity for adequate armaments and had confined their efforts to educating the country in the matter of its foreign policy, they would now be in a position to define the limits of adequate armaments.

With regard to these views I would observe:

1. There is no doubt that the fundamental question as regards war between nations is, as you say, of international relationships and responsibilities, and I am sure that all pacifists in the United States would welcome an open and full discussion of this question. Indeed, all that we ask at this time is that meanwhile the status quo as regards armament in our country be preserved. As the question does not concern the United States alone, and so many things relating to it depend on the result of the present war, no comprehensive settlement of this basic question can be reached until after this war is over. Therefore there does not seem to be much hope that the heavier armament advocates will even listen to this admirable suggestion of yours, with its obvious corollary; for they have been insisting ever since the war got well under way that we in America are in imminent deadly peril.

As a matter of fact, are not the questions of international relationships and armaments so closely bound together as to be practically inseparable at this time? Pacifists, indeed, hope that ultimately there may be no more question of armaments; and I am opposed to compromising on the question of increasing them now, because I believe that it should and can wait until the war is over. But if, as you seem to suggest, this question of increased armaments must be compromised, will it not be better compromised by the opposing sides trying to understand each other's position? How can they do this if neither group states its beliefs?

2. In the first place, I think you are mistaken as to the position of pacifists about armaments; certainly pacifists generally have not contended and do not believe that armaments are the main incentive to war, but a largely contributive cause. In the second place, it seems to me that the charge can hardly be sustained that pacifists, by giving utterance to their belief that there is nothing for us in America to be afraid of and that therefore there is no need to increase our armament, are responsible for the panicky demands for greater defense. Is it not as though one were to say that if a panic were started in a theatre by one crying "Fire" and another arose and said there was no danger, that the man who tried to calm the audience had caused the panic?

3. Does not the whole question of preparedness really hinge on the very thing you are asking pacifists to admit themselves wrong about, namely, on what constitutes adequacy in armament? Now, the word "adequate" being, as it were, double-faced, how is it possible to define it or its limits except from the point of view of the witness? Also, will not the size of our armament have a very important bearing on our foreign relations, perhaps a fatal one, one way or the other? If these things be so, how can pacifists, believing our present armament adequate, admit the necessity for any increase without abandoning all that they stand for?

HENRY WHARTON.

Philadelphia, Pa.

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VERSE

The Loop

From State street bridge a snow-white glimpse of sea
Beyond the river walled in by red buildings,
O'ertopped by masts that take the sunset's gildings,
Roped to the wharf till spring shall set them free.
Great floes make known how swift the river's current.
Out of the north sky blows a cutting wind.
Smoke from the stacks and engines in a torrent
Whirls downward, by the eddying breezes thinned.
Enskyed are sign-boards advertising soap,
Tobacco, coal, transcontinental trains.
A tug is whistling, straining at a rope,
Fixed to a dredge with derricks, scoops and cranes.
Down in the loop the blue-gray air enshrouds,
As with a cyclops' cape, the man-made hills
And towers of granite where the city crowds.
Above the din a copper's whistle shrills.
There is a smell of coffee and of spices.
We near the marketplace of trade's devices.
Blue smoke from out a roasting room is pouring.
A rooster crows, geese cackle, men are bawling.
Whips crack, trucks creak, it is the place of storing,
And drawing out and loading up and hauling
Fruit, vegetables and fowls and steaks and hams,
Oysters and lobsters, fish and crabs and clams.
And near at hand are restaurants and bars,
Hotels with rooms at fifty cents a day,
Beer-tunnels, pool-rooms, places where cigars
And cigarettes their window-signs display;
Mixed in with letterings of printed tags,
Twine, boxes, cartels, sacks and leather bags,
Wigs, telescopes, eyeglasses, ladies' tresses,
Or those who manicure or fashion dresses,
Or sell us putters, tennis-balls or brassies,
Make shoes, pull teeth, or fit the eye with glasses.

And now the rows of windows showing laces,
Silks, draperies and furs and costly vases,
Watches and mirrors, silver cups and mugs,
Emeralds, diamonds, Indian, Persian rugs,
Hats, velvets, silver buckles, ostrich-plumes,
Drugs, violet-water, powder and perfumes.
Here is a monstrous winking eye—beneath
A showcase by an entrance full of teeth.
Here rubber coats, umbrellas, mackintoshes,
Hoods, rubber-boots and arctics and galoshes.
Here is a half a block of overcoats,
In this bleak time of snow and slender throats.
Then windows of fine linen, snakewood canes,
Scarfs, opera-hats, in use where fashion reigns.
As when the hive swarms, so the crowded street
Roars to the shuffling of innumerable feet.
Skyscrapers soar above them; they go by
As bees crawl, little scales upon the skin
Of a great dragon winding out and in.
Above them hangs a tangled tree of signs,
Suspended or uplifted like daedalian
Hieroglyphics when the saturnalian
Night commences, and their racing lines
Run fire of blue and yellow in a puzzle,
Bewildering to the eyes of those who guzzle,
And gourmandize and stroll and seek the bubble
Of happiness to put away their trouble.

Around the loop the elevated crawls,
And giant shadows sink against the walls
Where ten to twenty stories strive to hold
The pale refraction of the sunset's gold.
Slop underfoot, we pass beneath the loop.
The crowd is uglier, poorer; there are smells
As from the depths of unsuspected hells,
And from a groggery where beer and soup
Are sold for five cents to the thieves and bums.
Here now are huge cartoons in red and blue
Of obese women and of skeleton men,
Egyptian dancers, twined with monstrous snakes,
Before the door a turbaned lithe Hindoo,
A bag-pipe shrilling, underneath a den
Of opium, whence a man with hand that shakes,
Rolling a cigarette, so palely comes.
The clang of car-bells and the beat of drums.
Draft-horses clamping with their steel-shod hoofs.
The buildings have grown small and black and worn;
The sky is more beholden; o'er the roofs
A flock of pigeons soars; with dresses torn
And yellow faces, labor women pass;
Some Chinese gabbling; and there, buying fruit,
Stands a fair girl who is a late recruit
To those poor women slain each year by lust.
'Tis evening now and trade will soon begin.
The family entrance beckons for a glass
Of hopeful mockery, the piano's din
Into the street with sounds of rasping wires
Filters, and near a pawner's window shows
Pistols, accordions; and, luring buyers,
A Jew stands mumbling to the passer-by
Of jewelry and watches and old clothes.
A limousine gleams quickly—with a cry
A legless man fastened upon a board
With casters 'neath it by a sudden shove
Darts out of danger. And upon the corner
A lassie tells a man that God is love,
Holding a tambourine with its copper hoard
To be augmented by the drunken scorner.
A woman with no eyeballs in her sockets
Plays "Rock of Ages" on a wheezy organ.
A newsboy with cold hands thrust in his pockets
Cries, "All about the will of Pierpont Morgan!"
The roofline of the street now sinks and dwindles.
The windows are begrimed with dust and beer.
A child half clothed, with legs as thin as spindles,
Carries a basket with some bits of coal.
Between lace curtains eyes of yellow leer,
The cheeks splotched with white places like the skin
Inside an egg-shell—destitute of soul.

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One sees a brass lamp oozing kerosene
Upon a stand whereon her elbows lean;
Lighted, it soon will welcome negroes in.

The railroad tracks are near. We almost choke
From filth whirled from the street and stinging vapors.
Great engines vomit gas and heavy smoke
Upon a north wind driving tattered papers,
Dry dung and dust and refuse down the street.
A circumambient roar as of a wheel
Whirring far off—a monster's heart whose beat
Is full of murmurs, comes as we retreat
Towards Twenty-second. And a man with jaw
Set like a tiger's, with a dirty beard,
Skulks toward the loop, with heavy wrists red-raw
Glowing above his pockets where his hands
Pushed tensely round his hips the coat-tails draw,
And show what seems a slender piece of metal
In his hip-pocket. On these barren strands
He waits for midnight for old scores to settle
Against his ancient foe society,
Who keeps the soup-house and who builds the jails.
Switchmen and firemen with their dinner-pails
Go by him homeward, and he wonders if
These fellows know a hundred thousand workers
Walk up and down the city's highways, stiff
From cold and hunger, doomed to poverty,
As wretched as the thieves and crooks and shirkers.
He scurries to the lake-front, loiters past
The windows of wax lights with scarlet shades,
Where smiling diners back of ambuscades
Of silk and velvet hear not winter's blast
Blowing across the lake. He has a thought
Of Michigan, where once at picking berries
He spent a summer—then his eye is caught
At Randolph street by written light which tarries,
Then like a film runs into sentences.
He sees it all as from a black abyss.
Taxis with skid-chains rattle, limousines
Draw up to awnings; for a space he catches
A scent of musk or violets, sees the patches
On powdered cheeks of furred and jeweled queens.
The color round his cruel mouth grows whiter,
He thrusts his coarse hands in his pockets tighter:
He is a thief, he knows he is a thief,
He is a thief found out, and, as he knows,
The whole loop is a kingdom held in fief
By men who work with laws instead of blows
From sling-shots, so he curses under breath
The money and the invisible hand that owns
From year to year, in spite of change and death,
The wires for the lights and telephones,
The railways on the streets, and overhead
The railways, and beneath the winding tunnel
Which crooks stole from the city for a runnel
To drain her nickels; and the pipes of lead
Which carry gas, wrapped round us like a snake,
And round the courts, whose grip no court can break.
He curses bitterly all those who rise,
And rule by just the spirit which he plies
Coarsely against the world's great store of wealth;
Bankers and usurers and cliques whose stealth
Works witchcraft through the market and the press,
And hires editors, or owns the stock
Controlling papers, playing with finesse
The city's thinking, that they may unlock
Treasures and powers like burglars in the dark.
And thinking thus and cursing, through a flurry
Of sudden snow he hastens on to Clark.
In a cheap room there is an eye to mark
His coming and be glad. His footsteps hurry.
She will have money, earned this afternoon
Through men who took her from a near saloon
Wherein she sits at table to dragoon
Roughnecks or simpletons upon a lark.

Within a little hall a fierce-eyed youth
Rants of the burdens on the people's backs—
He would cure all things with the single tax.
A clergyman demands more gospel truth,
Speaking to Christians at a weekly dinner.
A parlor Marxian, for a beginner
Would take the railways. And amid applause
Where lawyers dine, a judge says all will be
Well if we hand down to posterity
Respect for courts and judges and the laws.
An anarchist would fight. Upon the whole,
Another thinks, to cultivate one's soul
Is most important—let the passing show
Go where it wills, and where it wills to go.

Outside the stars look down. Stars are content
To be so quiet and indifferent.

EDGAR LEE MASTERS.

Pennies

John is a vender of trinkets—
With a wife, little Jim and Joe.

Ann is an Irish seamstress—
Mary and Christ gladden her.

He sold—she bought—a crucifix,
With the image in gold, all in gold.

She gave—he took—fifteen pennies—
Little Jim and little Joe are wild.

For fifteen pennies there'll be chicken to-night.
For fifteen pennies she can pray.

ALFRED KREYMBORG.

The Tree

I am four monkeys.
One hangs from a limb,
Tail-wise,
Chattering at the earth;
Another is filling his belly with cocoanut;
The third is up in the top branches,
Quizzing the sky;
And the fourth—
He's chasing another monkey.
How many monkeys are you?

ALFRED KREYMBORG.

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A Biologist's View

A Mechanistic View of War and Peace, by George W. Crile, M.D. Edited by Amy F. Rowland. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

FOR those outside the war it is hard to realize how the men in it behave. This monograph by Dr. Crile of Cleveland goes a long distance toward bringing it home. His subject is, literally, war from the inside. His study being the individual, scientifically observed, it is impossible to read his words or look at his pictures without feeling the poignant personal application. It is true that Dr. Crile was only in charge of an ambulance unit at Neuilly-sur-Seine. His view was not extensive. But an extensive view was not necessary for his purpose. In a very few pages, with the aid of remarkable photographs, he is enabled to generalize tellingly on the physical processes and costs of war, to explain the physico-chemical mechanism of the combatant and non-combatant, and to convey with great clearness the participant's behavior and sensations. His use of incident is sparing. He does not fortify his generalizations by those particulars which an artist would naturally include. But being an expert on physical injury and its reactions, equipped as few of his profession are, he went into the welter of maimed humanity with an eye sharpened for the significant, and the result is a contribution of the most searching and enlightening kind.

Many men know what it means to await the order to charge, for example, but few are capable of transmitting their emotions. A quotation from Dr. Crile will show the extreme lucidity with which he conveys such states, and will illustrate the method of his book:

"Lying under fire for the first time while waiting for orders to charge is perhaps the most trying ordeal for the soldier, for his instinct urges him to face the oncoming enemy. He realizes the possibility of immediate death. His kinetic system is speeded to the utmost. He is activated for a fierce physical attack. He is under extreme emotion. His heart pounds loudly against his ribs, his hands tremble, his knees shake, his body is flushed with heat, he is drenched with sweat. In mechanistic terms the phenomena manifested by the soldier waiting under fire may be interpreted as follows: His brain is activated by the approach of the enemy. The activated brain in turn stimulates the adrenals, the thyroid, the liver. In consequence thyreoiodin, adrenalin, and glycogen are thrown into the blood in more than normal quantities. These activating substances are for the purpose of facilitating attack or escape. As the secretions thus mobilized are utilized in neither attack nor escape, heat and the muscular actions of shaking and trembling are produced. The rapid transformation of energy causes a correspondingly rapid production of acid by-products. These increased acid by-products stimulate the respiratory center to greater activity to eliminate the carbonic acid gas. The increased adrenalin output mobilizes the circulation in the limbs; withdraws blood from the abdominal area; causes increased heart action and dilation of the pupils. In addition, the increased acidity causes increased sweating, increased thirst, and increased urinary output, all of these water phenomena being adaptations for the neutralization of acidity.

"Thus the intense activation of the soldier awaiting under fire for orders is explained on mechanistic grounds, and the resultant changes in the brain, the adrenals, and the liver are easily demonstrable. It is this strong stimulation of the kinetic system to fight or to flight that in the first experience sometimes results in fleeing. The subsequent stimulus is never so intense as the primary stimulus, and with experience the kinetic system is progressively less driven, until at last the soldier is said to be 'steady under fire.'"

The relief that comes from a charge, and from the "orgy of lustful satisfying killing in a hand-to-hand bayonet action," may be thus understood. And also the strangulation of the system if there is no lustful relief.

It is with this in mind that one best approaches Dr. Crile's chapter on "the vivisection of Belgium." He suggests first how "the kinetic systems of the Belgians were activated by both contact and distance ceptor stimuli." Having previously expatiated on shock, fatigue, and the need for recuperation, he then dwells on the consequences. "Since activation causes a lowering of the brain thresholds to stimuli, neurasthenia would result in some cases; overwhelming stimulation might cause a disastrous facilitation of response, and insanity would result; rupture of blood vessels in the brain would cause paralysis; and the destruction of a great number of brain cells as a result of exhaustion would result in permanent loss of efficiency. . . . One would expect the early death of those whose margins of safety were slender,—the aged and those having chronic diseases." That such was actually the case in Belgium he affirms. He speaks of the many sudden deaths, accentuated insomnia, prostration, loss of weight, apoplexy, premature delivery, Bright's disease, suicide. "The Belgian exiles whom I have seen show a loss of morale; they are preoccupied, absent-minded, diseased, homesick, weak, dejected, bitter, and broken." "It is as if upon Belgium, as a whole, every degree of physical, mental and moral torture had been inflicted *without anesthesia*." "A mechanistic viewpoint would suggest the mediation of the further progress of physical and moral destruction by repairing the homes and fortunes of these exiles, by reuniting their families, by giving them means for re-establishing their universities, and by so changing the environmental mold—so altering the web of life—that their further vivisection would be diminished."

In his remarks on pain, on wounds, on the causes of death, on grief, on courage, on the end effects of war, Dr. Crile is extraordinarily informing. His disclosures as to fatigue, based on the Marne retreat, and his observations on such facts as the dreams of the wounded, reinforce one's sense of the immense value of the equipped observer. For those who interpret man as a nervous organism, Dr. Crile's chemical explanations may indeed seem ludicrous. Yet it must be said by an outsider that they give curious credibility to certain phenomena of the war.

But just because he is so equipped as an observer of the physico-chemical mechanism, one regrets Dr. Crile's divergences into biologic interpretation of war and society. Possibly he wrote his monograph for the sake of this interpretation. One could wish that here he had left such things alone.

What, after all, is man? According to such old-fashioned persons as his late Holiness Pope Leo, he is a being at once material and spiritual. Like the brute, he is impelled by his instincts. Unlike the brute, he has the power of choice. The brute is "governed by two main instincts, which keep his powers on the alert, impel him to develop them in a fitting manner, and stimulate and determine him to action without any power of choice. One of these instincts is self-preservation, the other the propagation of the species." He is moved to action, the brute, by his senses only, and in the special direction which these suggest. But with man, as Pope Leo puts it, "it is wholly different." Man possesses reason, or mind. "It is the

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mind, or reason, which is the predominant element in us who are human creatures; it is this which renders a human being human, and distinguishes him essentially and generically from the brute."

"Dr. Crile does not agree with this view. Man, says Dr. Crile, is a mechanism, a physico-chemical mechanism—"man and other animals." But the singularity of his mechanism is the size of his brain. Like the brute, apparently, he is moved to action by his senses only, and in the special direction which these suggest. But "as a result of the multiplicity of action patterns evolved in the larger brain of man, the body of man is driven in more intricate ways than that of any other animal." Brute instincts, according to the Pope, "can attain their purpose by means of things which lie within range; beyond their verge the brute creation cannot go." The same, as Dr. Crile seems to intimate, is true of man. "The environment is the mold which predetermines the man." But while other brutes have little or no power to change environment, man has some power, and "the only way by which the action patterns of a people can be altered is by changing the mold—altering the environment. Thus slowly science and invention and human experience modify the mold which stamps generations to come."

Assuming that man has the power of modifying the mold, implying consciousness, it is easy to agree with Dr. Crile that "all responsibility for human action" is fixed "here and now within one's self." The unscientific Pope also insists that man is "master of his acts." But the real question is not whether, as the Pope affirms and the biologist denies, man "guides his ways under the eternal law and the power of God." The real question is whether man, a physico-chemical mechanism, can have choice and responsibility. Considering the extreme casualness with which Dr. Crile makes this assumption, one is compelled to regard his philosophy as amateurish in method, if nothing else. And to have combined such half-formed philosophy with such absorbing expert observations is to have blemished an otherwise valuable book. If Dr. Crile had only kept demonstrating the mechanistic facts, he would have been twice as influential on philosophy.

F. H.

Isaiah, Jr.

America's Coming of Age, by Van Wyck Brooks. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.00.

THIS is one of the books which worry the reviewer and delight the reader. It cannot be summarized. To attempt to summarize it would be about as just to the author as trying to dry a jelly-fish over a fire. The summary would omit too much of the life of the creature. Nor is the book an argument, which can be accepted, or refuted and left for dead. It is gifted conversation, a sort of high comment, a little more deliberate than table-talk, more artful than journalism, yet free of pedantry and all the deeper responsibilities which weigh down so much of our thought. It is the reflection of a young mind that is rich in knowledge. It has the quality we should wish our conversation to have if we were happy, clever people living in a spacious world.

Mr. Brooks swings through time and space with gaiety and anger. "Let others qualify," he seems to say, "let others pick up the pieces of outraged reputations . . . . this is the way I feel about life, and I am not writing for the scrutiny of omniscience." It is companionable and exhilarating, and the only reaction that counts is the total reaction. You like Mr. Brooks or you don't, for what he exposes is a temperament, and about temperaments people do not reason. They trust their instincts to say yes or no. So it is well perhaps to confess that I read without stopping, and that after a few pages a thing happened which occurs rarely to a reviewer of books. I became more interested in the author than in my review. I forgot to think of what there was to say about Mr. Brooks.

Only a net impression remains which seems to say: "I'm for him, but what is he for?" Between the lines glowed a sense of life to which a man would respond, a feeling for values, for distinction and dash, for the chivalry of democracy. But exact definition of his ideal escapes Mr. Brooks, as it would anyone else. After all, the virtues of life have almost always been defined in negatives, and of negatives Mr. Brooks makes liberal and justifiable use. He finds that the American spirit may be summed up historically under two catchwords—"highbrow" and "lowbrow," and that unhappily they have been almost exclusive of each other. He plunges through the history of American culture brandishing this weapon of classification, using it sometimes as a sword and then as a slapstick. So brightly does he wield it that many who are horrified by the destruction will have to admit that here at least is a war of ideas so gallantly waged that it would hallow any cause.

That "one so young" as Mr. Brooks should after all be seeking a golden mean between highbrow and lowbrow, quite as if he had taken Aristotle to heart, will save him a bit in those shambles of literature when the young and innocent are reviewed by the old and innocent. "Don Quixote is the 'highbrow' under a polite name," says Mr. Brooks, "just as Sancho Panza is the eternal 'lowbrow'; and if the adorable Dulcinea is not a vision of the night and a daily goal in the mind of our professors, then there is no money in Wall Street. One admits the charm of both extremes, the one so fantastically above, the other so fantastically below the level of right reason; to have any kind of relish for muddled humanity is necessarily to feel the charm of both extremes. But where is all that is real, where is personality and all its works, if it is not essentially somewhere, somehow, in some not very vague way, between?"

Here is the motif of his comment, but his illustration and incident, though hung upon it in workmanlike fashion, have an interest which transcends the central theme. There is a chapter called "Our Poets" in which American literary figures are treated to a criticism that almost makes a man wish to read them again. "It is no use to go off into a corner with American literature, as most of the historians have done—in a sulky private sort of way, taking it for granted that if we give up world values we are entitled to our own little domestic rights and wrongs, criticism being out of place by the fireside. 'But oh, wherever else I am accounted dull,' wrote Cowper in one of his letters, 'let me pass for a genius at Olney.' This is the method of the old-fashioned camp in American criticism, just as the method of the contemporary camp is the method of depreciative comparison with better folk than our own."

Mr. Brooks says so many "good things" about literature that he is in danger of having his book, which flows so easily, chopped up into a mosaic of smart sayings. But a few sentences are hard not to quote:

> "To Longfellow the world was a German picture-book, never detaching itself from the softly colored pages. He was a man of one continuous mood; it was that of a flaxen-haired German student on his *wanderjahr* along the Rhine, under the autumn sun,—a sort

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of expurgated German student—ambling among ruined castles and reddening vines . . . ."

And than rather rudely: "But frankly, what preparation is a life like this for a poet whose work it is to revivify a people?"

This becomes the refrain. Mr. Brooks burns and begs for thought that shall be real and action that is illuminated. Ways and means he does not consider. He suggests no fertilizers for the soil in which an ideal Americanism can be grown. It is true that he mentions socialism, but that is a word which is too naked to-day to inspire or terrify. I could not free myself of the sense that Mr. Brooks was trying to issue specifications for a messiah. There was one affirmative note which the book seemed to lack—the ultimate democratic realization that we shall have to be our own messiah. Mr. Brooks cannot wait in the wilderness for an authentic revelation. The revelation is here, a living thing—he can see it if he wishes in the very positive aspirations which inspire the destructive comment of his own book. The bible of democracy which Mr. Brooks seems to want everyone but himself to write exists in part because such men as he already desire it, and are so admirably equipped to say why.

W. L.

Emerson Anew

Ralph Waldo Emerson, by Oscar W. Firkins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.75 net.

"THERE have been many lives of Emerson, but this is the first since the publication of the ten volumes of journals, which has put into print a vast amount of new biographical and critical material." This is quoted from the wrapper of the latest book on Emerson. The first of the sentence is indisputable. Mr. Firkins' book is the first since March, 1914; but the second part is misleading, for the 5,500 odd pages in the published journals, though "put into print" 1909-1914, were all available for the preparation of Mr. Cabot's two volumes of 1888. The new book reaffirms the Memoir in its 156 pages devoted to Emerson's life and his friends, and their social and literary activities; and devotes the remainder to a chapter of recapitulations of the successive essays, three chapters in analysis of his prose, his verse, and his philosophy, and a final short essay on his "Foreshadowings."

The chapters on Emerson's life are solid and interesting though somewhat of a disappointment to the old reader of Emerson who would like to see the old Emerson presented in scenes and episodes that his literary executor had chosen to omit. His homely joys in Concord, his relations with the Reverend Ezra Ripley and Sam Staples, his gardening, his reading, his stimulating friendship with Ellery Channing, his affectionate regard for George Bancroft and Jones Very, the gradual and natural composition of his notable utterances of 1836, '37 and '38, his state of mind while under fire for the Divinity School Address, are still left for some other biographer. The excellence of these early chapters lies not so much in the fresh biographical material as in the fresh effectiveness of certain critical dicta, such, for example, as the following:

> Emerson's peculiar social temper, markedly gregarious but only half companionable, is manifest even in these early days.
>
> The order of decay in these early doctrines [of Emerson's] seems to have had this course: they became, first subsiding, then useless, then false.
>
> He prepared a life broad enough to include not only a mansion for the principles but a playground for the moods.
>
> Alcott is, indeed, a most instructive figure for the critic of Emerson; he represents the upper Emerson cut off from the lower, and by his limitations and relative inefficiency, he illustrates, as nothing else could do, the priceless service which this lower Emerson rendered to the upper.

A defect in the biographical chapters which becomes more marked in the critical portion of the book is a spotty incoherence of treatment. Sometimes this appears in a strange and unheralded jump, as the one from the death of little Waldo to a discussion of transcendentalism with not even a conjunction to bridge the abyss, and sometimes in an awkwardly purfunctory linking, such as "One other feature must be glanced at in this place," "It is time to say a word or two of—," "It is now our duty to say something—," and others of the sort. Such stylistic infelicities would be negligible if they did not yield a clue to the extreme spottiness of the critical chapters. These are exhausting to the reader who wants to carry away group impressions rather than isolated pieces of data. Each of Emerson's chief essays is epitomized as an independent unit. He is discussed as Prose Writer under XVIII roman-numeraled heads, as Poet under VIII more, one of which has twelve subdivisions, and as Philosopher under XXXI others; all of which inclines the classroom pedagogue, if he is petulant, to reform and lead a better life, or if he is painstaking, to lay those chapters aside against the millenial day when he will have time to study them at length.

The last chapter is happily the best in the book: cordial,

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but singularly free from the adulation with which too many otherwise critical works conclude. To Mr. Firkins, Emerson foreshadows the mind of the future in his constant sense of the progressive character of all religion. He offers a "prophecy of the final attitude of mankind after it has put aside both the vindictiveness and savagery of Calvinism and what may seem to its corrected and clarified vision the mawkishness and unctuousness of latter-day Christianity." He is an influence on the best minds, and thus indirectly on the mind of the mass "as quickener and vitalizer in some mysterious fashion which it is easier to revere than to measure." For "the world grows when strength and virtue, muscle and brain, courage and prudence, liberality and piety, liberty and law become capable of circumscription within the rim of a single personality."

A Picture and a Protest

The Way of Martha and the Way of Mary, by Stephen Graham. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00 net.

IN this new volume by Stephen Graham there is a certain fine quality of religious emotion. The book is a kind of ritual dirge for the passing of picturesque Russia, the Russia of colorful peasants, rapt mystics, poverty, and Oriental aloofness from the world. Fundamentally, the book is Christian in its point of view; the outlook on the world of the true Christian, so unforgettably described by Santayana in that remarkable essay, "Modernism and Christianity," is Stephen Graham's. Although the author writes "They tell me that I am a pagan," the old prophetic fervor glows in "The Way of Martha and the Way of Mary," the exaltation of the wanderer and outcast, the passion that seems—why not confess it?—a bit archaic in our own young and worldly-proud, our materially active civilization. Yet it is a book of romantic agony. It is a plaint for the vanishing culture which "progress" has already begun to smear with dirt and ugliness and petty, mercenary ambitions. It is an elegy by a lover of old Russia who shrinks from seeing the empire caught up into the ever-widening, ever-tightening net of the Great Society. If you are looking for sociological hints upon which to erect a new industrial and political organization, you may call it a futile book.

But it is not a futile book, because it mirrors some of that very picturesqueness of which it bewails the passing. In rich, persuasive phrases it illumines and recreates the older and more magical Russia. Stylistically the pages often have gentle beauty, as: "I went to the graveyard where my friend's sister lies buried, an acre of cypress and pine and gentle mounds, where the dank earth seems like bedclothes laid over the dead. To-day this wide melancholy collection of green mounds and wooden crosses was alive with the laughter and songs of children. On the heaps of mouldering earth samovars were humming, and little candles gleamed against a background of lilac blossoms and spring flowers." This may not illustrate the many incidental carelessnesses of the author, yet it does hint at the essential virtue of his writing—its color and its vivid simplicity. Strong, too, is Mr. Graham's feeling for the instinctive grouping of crowds; again and again his sentences evoke the choric, suppliant wonder of great crowds, and communicate the religious thrill that binds together all sorts and conditions of men. For the book as a whole he has chosen his own apt and telling method. It is discursive, but effective—first religious polemic and rhapsody, then compact narrative, then bewitching description—a plastic, bending network of impressions and insights that holds to steadiness and proportion the central idea of the Martha and social service Christianity of the West as contrasted with the truer Christian Russia of Egyptian and Byzantine mould, the country of the good way of Mary.

Mr. Graham has come to be a sort of authority on spiritual Russia, almost its official interpreter to England and America. His early "A Tramp's Sketches" revealed a keen Borrowesque zest for the open, coupled with a discerning and rebellious intelligence. "With the Russian Pilgrims to Jerusalem" confirmed this impression, and showed strong temperamental sympathies with the naïve and touching unworldliness of so much of historical Christianity. Then came the fine, although acidly critical of our ideals of life, "With the Poor Immigrants to America." "Russia and the World" was, so to speak, his official contribution to the great international White Paper of publicists. In "The Way of Martha and the Way of Mary" he has attempted a subtler task. He has, in his own words, attempted to give "an interpretation and a survey of Eastern Christianity," and he calls it "the hardest of all my books to write." Last winter he gave lectures, which contained most of what is vital in part one of his new book, "The Russian Idea," to London audiences, eager to learn the spiritual life of their new ally. One is tempted to ask, almost despairingly, but why cannot more theological books be flecked with such charm and romance?

Perhaps because the conflict between the two types of Christianity, between the East and the West, is not so complex an array of spiritual forces as Mr. Graham suspects. In 1894 Lafcadio Hearn wrote, "The new Japan will be richer and stronger and in many ways wiser, but it will neither be so happy nor so kindly as of old." That is the way Mr. Graham feels about the new Russia, which the typhoon of the war may force out of revolution and blood into strange, quick growth or may temporarily crush. He dislikes it. He hates to see Russia imitate America. He jeeringly contrasts the contempt for convention that is Russia's with the regimented docility that is Germany's. Only scorn is in his attitude for the upstart factory bourgeois. The Russian idea, he writes, is "instead of the world-ideal of garden cities and carefully planned parks and squares, a belief in the maze of the world," "a belief that in apparent failure lies a truer destiny than in apparent success"; Siberia is not an evil place, it becomes almost holy ground—a place of redemption and finding one's own soul. He writes of Artzibashef as a satirist in this country would write of Robert W. Chambers. Gorky has said that "if Russians give themselves up to Dostoevsky, they will become like China," but Mr. Graham does not think his exile has helped him to understand the true Russia. Our author lingers lovingly over the frescoed walls of the churches. He makes pilgrimages to holy places. As he pictures them, Russian peasants will discuss with you on the high road the nature of God long before they will enter the conversational camaraderie of the weather. A disillusionized psychologist might say that all this was a reflection more of a temperamental than a religious reaction. In Russia and the way of Mary Mr. Graham sees glamour: in England and America and the way of Martha Mr. Graham sees only comfortable, colorless commercialism. We have won the world, but in the process the sting and adventure of life have evaporated.

Many incidental shrewd insights, such as, "Nietzsche, that mad Christian, a sort of Mary who hated her sister Martha, calling out in anger that man had ceased to be man and had become merely neighbor," and "Dostoevsky's novel

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is a church" quicken his pages, but at bottom it is as a book of protest that "The Way of Martha and the Way of Mary" will be best understood. It explains the occasional air of fretted dogmatism, curiously like the irritatingly impatient style of Price Collier's "England and the English," although the basic viewpoint is radically dissimilar. But both books have this in common—they defend an order that is changing. Collier happened to defend an order that is stupid and shameful. Graham defends an order of beauty and grace, although disorganized and cruel. Therein lies the value of the book for us who rebel at that chaos and cruelty. We should be alert and wary. For in changing it we may strip it of its glamour and make it ugly; we may lose more than we gain.

HAROLD STEARNS.

Soft Lights

Escape and Other Essays, by Arthur Christopher Benson. New York: The Century Co. $1.50 net.

IN these pages we encounter an agreeable, highly cultivated and mildly interesting personality, gifted with a finely-balanced judgment and a sincere and delicately ordered taste. Mr. Benson's weakness is that he writes almost too easily and pleasantly. We never find in him the passion and exultation of the first-rank artist. Lamb, too, is a gentle spirit, but he has exquisite tenderness and fibrous conviction, as compelling in their way as the gorgeous inspired rhetoric of De Quincey.

In his present volume Mr. Benson is more than usually autobiographical. He excuses himself for publishing such a book in wartime by saying that war is like pestilence. "The best way to resist it is not to brood over it, but to practice joy and health." The essays describe the spiritual impressions of the author's school and college days, narrate several semi-mystical experiences of his recent life, criticise some aspects of recent poetry, and outline a theory for art in its relation to the deeper joy of life. The significance varies greatly. Some of the essays are rather trifling. The title-essay and that called "Herb-Moly and Heartsease" are far-fetched in method. There is ample left, however, to reward the admirer of Mr. Benson, or indeed any thoughtful person, for reading the whole, an essay or part of an essay at a time.

For all his mildness Mr. Benson is an individualist, descended from Emerson through Arnold, and his attitude is often surprising. He praises realism, attacks "literary" poetry, believes in teaching children the facts of sex, and almost rhapsodises over Walt Whitman. The essay on Whitman is the most vivid in the volume. Mr. Benson praises the good gray poet for revealing frankly and unreservedly his entire self. In "That Other One" we find a subtle but striking study of man's dual nature; the self that reasons and the self that decides, corresponding to the rational and the intuitive faculties of M. Bergson. The field particularly developed is the nature of art. Mr. Benson defines it subjectively as "the perception and comparison of quality," a penetration to the spiritual through material forms in themselves often ugly, a realization of what we vainly try to classify by the name of "charm." The cultivation of this perception is a broader sort of religion than that "which dares not attribute to God many of the finest and sweetest things in the world." This philosophy and the author's method of stating it are things peculiarly needed by America to-day. The concrete illustrations, especially those from nature, are perhaps the best part of Mr. Benson's writing.

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